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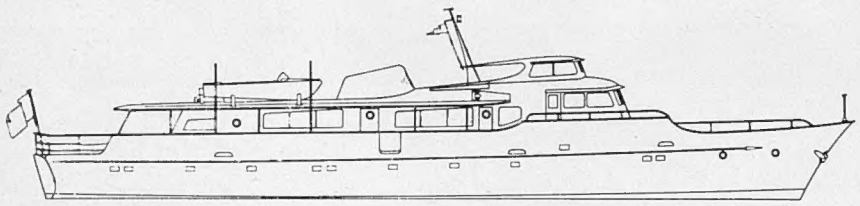

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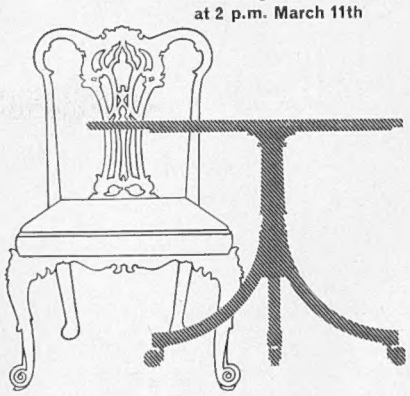

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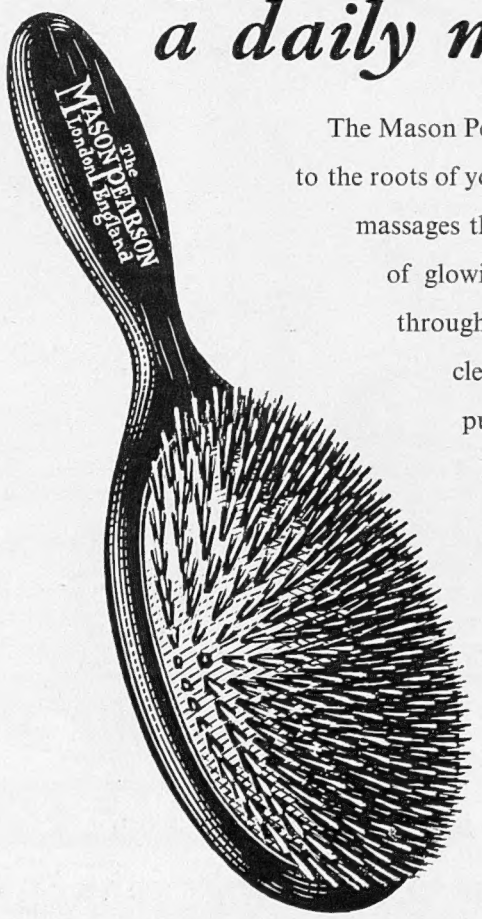

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Volume CCLVI No. 3327 LONDON, March 7, 1964

THE SPHERE

With which are incorporated *The Graphic* and *Black & White*

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Gurkhas are being flown in an RAF helicopter to patrol the Malaysian-Indonesian border in Borneo. Reinforcements were expected for these troops early this week as tension mounted in the crisis in S.E. Asia. On a visit to Thailand, Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Malaysian Prime Minister, spoke of the possibility of Malaysian security forces carrying the war over the frontier into Indonesian Borneo. (*See overleaf*)

FRONTIER PATROL IN MALAYSIA

FRONTIER PATROL IN MALAYSIA

Left: A Belvedere helicopter of the Royal Air Force flies over the jungle in Sabah (Malaysian Borneo) carrying British Royal Marines to a frontier post near the border with Indonesian Borneo

Below: The aircraft drops onto a small mudbank in the middle of a river flowing in the valley below high rocky hills

Right: Approaching the village in which the frontier post is situated. The landing area has been carved out of the jungle. Besides carrying troops, helicopters are being used in the Borneo frontier operations for spotting any unusual activities. In the latter part of last month a British Royal Marine corporal and two Malaysian policemen were killed and four British Marines and six Malaysian policemen wounded during attacks by Indonesian irregulars. In Jesselton, Mr Donald Stephens, the Chief Minister of Sabah, announced that any unidentified aircraft flying over Malaysian territory would be forced down or if necessary shot down. This statement followed reports that Indonesia was intending to re-equip its bands of guerrillas in Sabah

NEWS SUMMARY

More money for the world's health; defence arguments in Britain; a tougher US policy in Vietnam?

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INTERNATIONAL

The World Health Organisation will have over 1,000 projects in its programme for 1965 if approval is obtained at the 17th World Health Assembly which was to open in Geneva this week. A budgetary increase of 11 per cent. on the level of the programme for this year is being put forward for consideration by the 400 doctors and public health specialists at the Assembly. The proposal for an international institute for cancer research to function in association with the WHO is among other items expected to be discussed.

At another Geneva conference—that of the 17 nations on disarmament—delegates last week heard British suggestions for speeding disarmament outlined by Mr Butler. The Foreign Secretary proposed six main points. They included the establishment of observation posts in the Nato and Warsaw Pact areas; prevention of the dissemination of nuclear weapons; and even bigger "bomber bonfires" than those planned by the United States in its ideas for the physical destruction of armaments.

In New York, as the Security Council entered its third week of debate on the Cyprus problem, strenuous efforts to find a solution were being continued by U Thant. It was understood on Monday that a new plan for an international police force for the island and a neutral mediator between the rival interests was shortly to be tabled.

GREAT BRITAIN

With the House of Commons discussing the Services Estimates, defence matters were expected to be much in the news this week. In a speech at Clacton on Sunday, Mr Thorneycroft, Minister of Defence, continued his attack on Labour's policy regarding the deterrent.

The attack had been launched three days before in a Commons debate which opened with Mr Thorneycroft's announcement that the Royal Navy was to have American Phantom Strike fighters, that Britain would build five Polaris submarines instead of the four originally planned, and that the Army was to get 150 foreign helicopters. The debate, which concluded with a Government victory in two divisions, had included a speech by Mr George Brown, Deputy Leader of the Opposition, who said that the Labour Party would not throw the existing weapons system into the sea. Their policy, he added, would be one of "consultation, participation and sharing."

At Clacton, Mr Thorneycroft, who had told the Commons that retribution was the only real defence, reiterated his belief that the deterrent was the main force for peace in the world, and described Mr Brown as having "got into a muddle."

While Ministers still strenuously denied that there was anything wrong with the economy, Mr Maudling, Chancellor of the Exchequer, announced a rise in the Bank Rate from 4 to 5 per cent.—"to achieve a smooth transition," he explained, "from the present growth rate of 6 per cent., which is possible while we are taking up slack in the economy, to a long-term growth rate of 4 per cent."

Mr Heath, Secretary for Industry and Trade, faced some hostile criticism of the Government's controversial bill restricting resale price maintenance at a private meeting of Conservative M.P.s. Nevertheless, the Government is thought to be confident that it can get the measure onto the Statute Book during the lifetime of the present Parliament.

At a Liberal Party rally in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Mr Jo Grimond launched "Waste Week", a seven-day Liberal campaign to promote more supervision of Government expenditure. Committees, said Mr Grimond, should be established to supervise the work of Government departments, and M.P.s should have access to expert assistance from accountants.

Later, during a tour of Tyneside, Mr Grimond said that the Bank Rate increase showed that nothing had been done to remedy the underlying difficulties of the economy.

THE UNITED STATES

A change in US policy towards Vietnam was foreshadowed last weekend in the appointment of Mr William Bundy to succeed Mr Roger Hilsman as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. In Washington the military situation in South Vietnam was being regarded as increasingly critical. It was feared the expanded Communist control to the Mekong river might lead to the cutting-off of rice shipments to the capital, Saigon. One of the main purposes of the US Defence Secretary, Mr Robert McNamara, in visiting Saigon this week—for the second time in three months—was understood to be to boost South Vietnamese morale.

President Johnson commented on the Vietnam situation at his first televised press conference. It was held on the President's 100th day in office. At it he announced that the US had developed a 2,000 m.p.h. jet aircraft, the A11, which may give the US the lead in manned aircraft for some years. The aircraft, pencil-slim with short wings set near the tail, had been developed in complete secrecy since 1959.

In the World Heavyweight Championship contest at Miami Beach, fast Cassius Marcellus Clay was declared the victor when his opponent, Sonny Liston, the hot favourite, failed to come out for the seventh round. It was reported that a Senate Committee was to inquire into certain aspects of the fight.

AFRICA

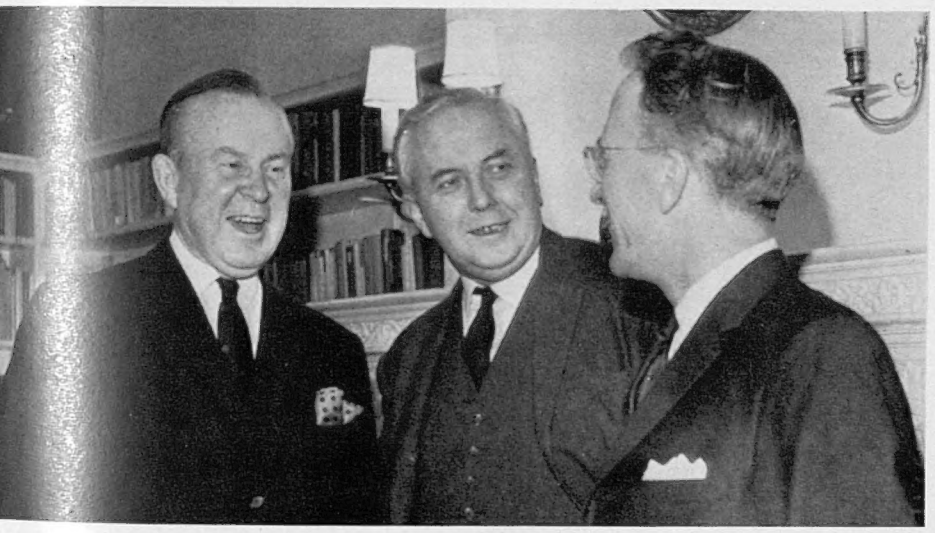
At the conference of the Foreign Ministers of the Organisation for African Unity in Lagos, which ended last Sunday, three groups of ministers examined recent border disputes in Africa, liberation movements and ways of avoiding foreign military intervention of the kind last exemplified by the French in Gabon. The Ghana Foreign Minister, Mr Kojo Botsio, urged the creation of an all-African High Command, but the idea of an African fire brigade force to sustain threatened Governments and patrol disputed borders received no further impetus. The general feeling seemed to be that each African state must make sure of its own internal security and defence.

There was unanimity among the 33 states on a decision to take the necessary steps in their territories to refuse air space or port facilities to any plane or ship going to or coming from South Africa. Other resolutions to combat apartheid will be considered again at the meeting of African Heads of State in Cairo during June. In considering the situation in Southern Rhodesia, the conference called on Britain not to allow independence as long as there is a white minority government there.

In Ghana President Nkrumah dismissed three judges of the country's Supreme Court and gave their jobs to men he had chosen himself.

In East Africa, the British High Commissioners in Kenya, Sir Geoffrey de Freitas, and in Tanganyika, Mr Stephen Miles, flew to Uganda on Sunday to await the arrival there of Mr Duncan Sandys. They were to be joined by the High Commissioner in Uganda, Sir David Hunt, for their discussions before the Commonwealth Secretary began talks with East African leaders. The Zanzibari revolutionary leader, "Field Marshal" Okello, left Nairobi for Dar-es-Salaam.

Above: The wreckage of the tail-plane section of a British Britannia airliner lies in the snow near the summit of a mountain peak near Innsbruck in Austria. The aircraft, belonging to British Eagle International Airways, was carrying a crew of 8 and 75 passengers, almost all of them British people going on holiday. All on board were reported to have been killed. After contact was lost with the Britannia over Innsbruck it is believed it crashed into the Gamslahner peak just below the summit. Within two days, reports of another airliner missing—this time in the United States—led to fears there might have been a second major air disaster among mountains. On Monday a massive search was going on in the Sierra Range of California for a Constellation missing with 85 people aboard on a flight to Lake Tahoe, California



Above: While on a visit to Glasgow, Sir Alec Douglas-Home looks in at the Rootes Group's Linwood factory. Greeting the Prime Minister are, left, Sir Reginald Rootes and the Hon. Geoffrey Rootes

Left: On the day after the birth of their son to Princess Alexandra, Mr Angus Ogilvy leaves their home in Richmond Park to attend Mattins at Westminster Abbey

Below: Archbishop Cardinale, the Apostolic Delegate in Britain, congratulates the Metropolitan Athenagoras of Thyateira after his enthronement in London. Waiting with congratulations are the Bishop of Winchester (centre) and the Bishop of Gibraltar

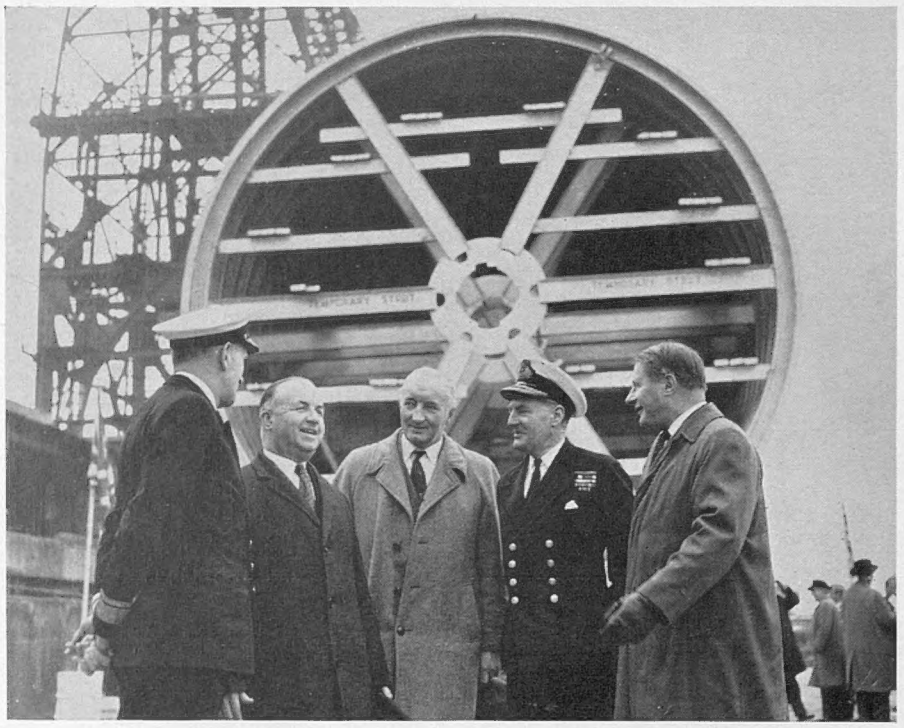
Above: Mr Harold Wilson, the British Labour Leader, meets the Canadian Prime Minister, Mr Lester Pearson (left), and the leader of the New Democratic Party, Mr T. C. Douglas, at the Ottawa home of the British High Commissioner to Canada. Britain's Leader of the Opposition was visiting Canada on his way to Washington where he was to have talks with President Johnson. In a speech at Montreal Mr Wilson gave a warning that urgent action was needed to reform international monetary policy

Left: The Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, talks with the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, in the Palace at Addis Ababa. Mr Lee was in Ethiopia leading a Malaysian delegation touring Africa to explain the Malaysian policies in the long dispute with Indonesia

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

336 **Royal Yachting Association AGM**

The Duke of Edinburgh takes the Chair as President at the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Yachting Association at Caxton Hall, London. On his right is Mr Nigel Warrington Smythe, Senior Vice-President. On his left, Mr Peter Scott, Junior Vice-President of the Association. On the morning of the same day he had attended a Council meeting at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and was entertained to lunch by RYA Officers and Chairmen of Committees. Among the Duke's many other engagements last week were visits to two cadet training ships of the the NZ Shipping Co. in the Royal Albert Docks, London, and attendance at the annual luncheon of the Parliamentary and Scientific Committee



Britain's first Polaris submarine

In attendance at Vickers-Armstrongs' Barrow-in-Furness shipyard for the "keel-laying" of *Resolution*, Britain's first Polaris submarine, are (left to right) Rear-Admiral H. R. Law, Sir Alfred Sims, Director-General, Ships, Admiralty, Mr L. Redshaw, Rear-Admiral H. S. Mackenzie, and Mr R. Baker. Rising behind them is the "keel" of the new submarine —a 145-ton steel hoop

BP chief is Shipping President

Mr A. E. C. Drake, Managing Director of the British Petroleum Company Ltd. (left), is invested in London with the Seal of Office as President of the United Kingdom Chamber of Shipping by Mr David M. Robinson. He has been a member of the Council of the Chamber since 1958 and became Vice-President last year. Mr Drake assumed the Presidency after the death of Mr R. G. Grout

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

← Chinese Envoy to France

Mr Song Tchi Kouang, who is Communist China's Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, arrives at the Quai d'Orsay to pay his first official call on the French Foreign Minister, M Maurice Couve de Murville

↑ French envoy to China

M Claude Chayet at the window of his compartment in the train that took him from Hong Kong to Pekin where he was to assume his post as French Ambassador to the Republic of China

← Scientific Shangri-La

An idyllic setting for coping with problems of the space age is provided by this tree-shaded patio of the Hughes Aircraft Company's laboratories at Malibu, California, where members of the research staff meet to talk over their work. Hughes Aircraft is the parent company of Hughes International (UK) Limited

↑ Military liaison in Malaysia

On an official visit to Singapore, Lt.-General Charles Harington, Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Command (right), holds a liaison discussion with the Commander-in-Chief, Far East Command, Admiral Sir Varyl Begg. During his visit General Harington was to meet other service commanders in the Far East

A SHOW OF ARAB UNITY?

338 It has become almost axiomatic among the more sceptical observers of Arab politics that, if it were not for Israel, Arab unity would be a pipe-dream; that, just as Arab disunity was largely responsible for Israel's victory in the Palestine war of 1948, so the defeat the Arabs suffered and the constant reminder of that defeat in the crowded refugee camps have become perhaps the only unifying factor in the world torn by dynastic rivalries, political jealousies and economic discrepancies. The summit meeting of Kings and Presidents in Cairo in January certainly seemed to bear this out. For within a week the apparently irreparable breach between King Hussein and President Nasser was healed—at least diplomatically. Egypt and Saudi Arabia also agreed to sink their differences, and a high-level delegation from Cairo is due in Riyadh shortly to discuss outstanding problems of which the major one is, of course, the Yemen.

The declared purpose of this rather remarkable show of unity was to counter the Israeli plan to divert the Jordan waters from Lake Tiberias. Before the summit had broken up, agreement had been reached to set up a joint Arab fund which would be used to divert the head-waters of the Jordan in Syria and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and to establish a joint military command to meet any trouble that might arise from such a diversion.

The sceptics, not least in the Arab world itself, must have said to themselves: " Brave words. But we have heard this—or something like this—before." And it is certainly true that the past 16 years of Arab history are littered with brave words and unfulfilled resolutions. But there have been certain indications during the past six weeks that Israel's Jordan waters challenge is being taken seriously. Contributions to the central fund in Cairo have started coming in; the Arab military command is in process of being formed; technical talks have begun on the precise nature of the work to be done at the source of the Jordan; and Arab Foreign Ministers are planning to cover the world capitals in an attempt to enlist international support for their cause.

It is, however, within the Arab world itself that one must look for any meaningful symptoms of unity. The most striking example is the agreement reached between the Algerians and Moroccans to establish a demilitarised zone on their disputed frontier. This is undoubtedly a victory for the Organisation for African Unity, to which the dispute was referred, but it is hard to believe that the meetings between Moroccan and Algerian leaders in Cairo in January did not play a significant part. An even more prolonged and bitter dispute was settled—at least temporarily—with the truce between the Iraq Government and the Kurds. In both cases, of course, the real test is still to come. Whether the Algerians and Moroccans will be able to reach a permanent frontier settlement and whether the Iraqis and the Kurds will succeed in effectively bridging the very wide gap between them remains to be seen. But even the willingness to negotiate was conspicuously lacking six weeks ago.

An essential prerequisite of this sinking of differences, however, was the agreement to declare a propaganda truce. The Kings and Presidents have stopped abusing one another. The " Voice of the Arabs " has turned its attention from King Saud and King Hussein to the British and the Americans. President Nasser in a recent speech applied to the British Prime Minister the sort of epithets he had previously reserved for his reactionary neighbours in the Arab world. The British bases in Cyprus and the Western bases in Libya are presented as an integral part of the common danger, of which Israel is the heart.

In this regrouping of forces, however, the " revolution " has not been lost sight of. " I believe that revolutions cannot be engineered from outside," Nasser said recently. " Only the sons of a specific country can carry out a revolution in their respective country." But, after reminding the Arab Kings that once a revolution had started it could count on UAR support, Nasser made it clear that, having intervened in the Yemen, he had no intention of withdrawing " until the members of the Hamid-ad-Din dynasty are removed from the Yemeni border areas."

This uncompromising approach hardly augurs well for the forthcoming talks between the Egyptians and the Saudi Arabians. On the other hand, a continuation of the stalemate in the Yemen would doubtless do more harm to President Nasser's prestige than to that of King Saud. A " revolution " that needs some 25,000 Egyptian troops to save it from defeat may be " genuine " but it is not very impressive. And there is evidence to show that Egypt's military intervention in the Yemen may have set up a resistance among the local population which is hindering rather than helping the revolution.

The next step towards furthering the cause of the Arabs against Israel will be a meeting of Arab Foreign Ministers in March. This, together with the planned visits by the Foreign Ministers to world capitals, represents a major diplomatic offensive and there is as yet no reason to doubt that the plans to counter the Israeli diversion of the Jordan waters will go forward. But signs of genuine Arab unity apart from the dispute with Israel are less positive. If the Algerians and Moroccans reach a more detailed and conclusive agreement on the frontier, this will be due primarily to the good offices of other African rather than Arab States.

There is no obvious reason why the Kurds should choose to support the cause of Arab unity in preference to the autonomy they are demanding. But, perhaps most important of all, whatever Nasser may say, his present involvement in the Yemen—regardless of its ideological merits—cannot be reconciled with the principle of peaceful co-existence laid down in Cairo.

D. J. S. Thompson

Right: Mr Abdul Hassouna, who is the Secretary-General of the Arab League, enjoys a joke in Shtaura, Lebanon, with some of the delegates before a meeting of Arab States to discuss the policy agreed at the Cairo Summit in January to deal with Israel's projected diversion of the River Jordan from Lake Tiberias

Above: An open part of the pipeline through which the waters of the River Jordan will be diverted for irrigation purposes in Israel

Left: Work proceeds on covering another section of the Israeli pipeline against the construction of which the Arab states are planning counter-measures

Other pictures of Israel are on pages 346-348

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15, John Adam Street, London, WC2

340 **"Ten year or tenure?"**

Recently the Premier was reported to have asked an audience of Young Conservatives to assure the Tory party of another ten years of office in which to " Tie up the loose ends." He received from *The Times*, who accepted the report as accurate, a polite reminder that he was asking a lot of the electorate. It now appears that the " words complained of " were misreported. Sir Alec said " another tenure " of office, not another " ten years." In this country the party system has flourished for a very long time. Political reaction against a party long in power has always been reckoned a big occupational risk by the rivals, and it has been rare for one party to occupy the throne for even 15 years. When the " Talents " Ministry crashed in 1808, the Whigs streamed out into the wilderness for 23 years, largely because they were incapable of closing their own ranks. So the Tories had it all their own way for a record séance. And they produced some records, too. They put paid to Bonaparte, the Hitler of that day, and helped to lay the foundations of a world peace which was to last a century. The Tories in power today can claim modest successes in an age when diplomatic agreement is much harder to secure and economic stability much more difficult to establish; but if he had asked for ten more years to be superimposed on their already long reign, the Premier would indeed be asking a lot of the electorate. The Tories cannot expect gratitude. They will not have forgotten what happened to Churchill in 1945; and they have to admit that today's Opposition is by no means so rent in twain as were the Whigs during their long years in the wilderness. But perhaps boldness will be their friend. The oriental bazaar-merchant still asks for double the price he dreams of obtaining, and perhaps Sir Alec, in asking for five, is prepared to accept with gratitude a narrow victory this year which would give him at least a couple of years more for tidying up before a large scale Reform Bill (under new management) calls to be paid for.

Party politics

Many fears and uncertainties lie ahead of us. We are quite accustomed to that. But the fear that before summer ends, party politics and politicians will have become a first-class bore is no uncertainty. It is already a *fait accompli*. We see and we hear too much of the protagonists and their nostrums and *tu quoques*. To this misfortune, they themselves largely contribute. A certain mystery should surround the politicians no less than the Throne. Yet such is the influence of the radio and the Press that none of them can afford to lose the chance of mass publicity, and what is demanded of them by those agencies goes far beyond the airing of their political nostrums and the repetition of their *tu quoques* (which are boring enough); it requires the most searching light on their private lives. We must see them all day long, and some of the night, on the rostrum and in the sitting room, in robes of circumstance and in their dressing gowns. Modern publicity leaves nothing for speculation, nothing for curiosity. It was much easier to keep politics interesting a few decades ago. We could speculate about the characters of Gladstone and Dizzy, Harcourt and Rosebery, even Asquith, Lloyd George, Carson and F.E. When F.C.G. and E. T. Reed were the cartoonists of the day, they did not always fix the image of their victims in one invariable and grotesque expression. They did not draw very well, but they were less stereotyped. We saw the statesmen much less often and knew less about their private lives. We knew that Gladstone used an axe and chewed 30 times, but had no idea of his rollicking sense of fun; and Dizzy, walking on the arm of Lord Rowton, was rarely seen abroad. But today nothing is hid, nothing left for guessing. And since all the protagonists are men of like passions with ourselves, their private lives are as commonplace as ours. As for their political nostrums, they all dip into a commonly shared rag-bag and pull from it whatever well-worn exhibit suits the occasion. So party politics are already a first-class bore; and how throttling that boredom will become before summer ends, God knows, and I can guess. A pity, for it is the citizen's duty to show an interest in politics; and to bid one's vote at a Dutch auction of boredom is inconclusive electoral responsibility.

Bryanston

Bryanston, the Dorset public school at Blandford, is launching an appeal for £100,000 to build itself a big modern theatre and concert hall, a memorial to a great headmaster, Coade, who was an enthusiast on drama. The great mansion of Lord Portman became a school in 1928. It was, I suppose, the last of the vast private houses built in England in the Victorian-Edwardian tradition, a monument to the shortsightedness of mankind, being completed so very shortly before World War I turned our world upside down. A coach and four could be driven through the principal corridor. It might take (as I well remember) ten minutes before a bell pushed in a bachelor bedroom achieved the desired result. It was built for a family home, but did not work out that way. The second Lord Portman, who lived to a great age, and his second wife, were much alone there, his sons and daughters having a variety of other homes and interests; and he and the son who succeeded him at Bryanston must have felt themselves to be over-housed. The great house of Bryanston was lucky to find a better use in 1928 as accommodation for hundreds of boys. As it then stood, its cubic capacity was almost equal to the switch, merely by internal readjustments.

Froth and bubble

" Life " (the poet told us) " is mostly froth and bubble," and his words are as true today as ever they were. A Guinness, on the other hand (the lawyers tell us) is only 1/7th froth and bubble and the froth is as " good for you " as the rest of the glass. I think the lawyers get nearer the truth than the poet. Life should be more earnest than we make it today, and a seventh part of it devoted to froth and bubble is not only the right proportion but a proportion which is good for you. There may be something here for a working party on the right use of leisure to examine carefully. In human life the fit proportions have been getting out of hand.

Above: Mr Sydney E. Franklin lays the foundation stone for the Samuel Montagu Boys' Club at Kidbrooke, Kent. He is watched by Viscount Amory, President of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. The Montagu Club was founded by Samuel Montagu & Co. Ltd., of which Mr Franklin is a director

Top: Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, shakes hands with Lady Wolfson at Guildhall in London. She was attending a recital by Yehudi and Heph Menuhin in aid of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra and the Yehudi Menuhin Trust. Princess Marina will visit Australia in the autumn

Design for living

Without claiming to " know anything about art," I confess that I know what I don't like about the new ten pound notes and the Shakespeare stamps. I don't like anything about any of the designs. It seems to me they order these things far better on the Continent. The Swiss and the Austrians have a way with it, for example, which we lack. They have broken away from tradition and do not attempt

Above: Part of the landscaping at the Rheidol Hydro-electric scheme. A paved walk skirts the reservoir that supplies water for the power station. The Central Electricity Generating Board which is responsible for the scheme has recently won a certificate of merit for "conspicuous services to tourism in Wales," presented by the Welsh Tourist and Holidays Board

Left: The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman James Harman, talks with a Canadian Travel Trade Mission at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor is holding a wood carving of a bison which he was given by the leader of the Canadian visitors, Mr G. W. Powell, European general manager of the Canadian Government Travel Bureau

Right: This is the Slow Loris, an inmate of a new house for nocturnal animals which opened recently at London Zoo. Named Bushbaby Hall, the new house is so designed that the animals will be wide awake when visitors are normally at the zoo, that is to say in the daytime. They will be able to sleep in the night. In the hall are red and white flying squirrels, bushbabies, pottos, mouse lemurs, a Douroucouli, which is a South American monkey, as well as Slow Lorises

a hopeless marriage between tradition and new fashions in their postage stamps. In Britain we still attempt to adapt the old frock coat to modern fashions. The Shakespeare quatercentenary offered a wonderful opportunity for designers. It justified a special stamp issue, if other recent occasions did not. But what emerged were but uninspired attempts to stamp the image of Elizabeth II on that of Elizabeth I. If tradition had to be preserved, Mr D. Gentleman, whose choice of a likeness of Shakespeare—more or less authentic—was narrow, was right to reject the pig-faced bust. The Droeshout engraving at least has a little more authority than the Chandos painting. But an engraving cannot balance a modern photograph. The Swiss, I think, would have been content with a white swan on the lovely Avon. As for the new "tenner," it looks to me more like a shilling found lying on a dung heap. Its size may discourage forgers; its design will not encourage hoarders.

Old-age pension

I was glad to read that Mr Macmillan is on every count entitled to draw his old-age pension, and intends to do so. I am a good deal older than he is; and there was a time when I thought of writing to him to ask if I might not draw one, too. I still think my claim to that State benevolence is more apparent than his. But my very age was against me. I was born too long ago. When the new-fangled qualifying rules came in, I made my contributions regularly until I was told to stop, and thereafter I followed the advice given me by the appropriate bureaucrat, and I suppose it was wrong advice. *Ignorantia legis haud excusat.* So I watch my local contemporaries and juniors regularly drawing their dole with envy, and myself am turned empty away. It seems hard to be denied the benefit designed for old age on the score of being too old; certainly it is not on the score of being too rich. But I suppose "Father knows best" and, while Mr Macmillan draws his dole, I draw in my belt. No point in asking Mr Macmillan to help me now—and Sir Alec is obviously too busy, and perhaps too young, to listen to an old man's plea for justice. But why call it an old-age pension? *The Old Stager*

ARTS IN ADELAIDE

342 The third biennial Adelaide Festival of Arts opens on Saturday, March 7, and for two weeks the South Australian capital will become the cultural centre of Australia. The way in which the festival has captured the enthusiasm of Australians since it was founded in 1960 testifies to the vitality of the arts in Australia today. This year's programme is the most comprehensive yet attempted. The thousands of visitors who are making their way to Adelaide for the festival will be able to see some of the world's leading performers in a sumptuous fare of orchestral music, opera, ballet and drama, and there will be exhibitions of paintings, conferences of writers—to mention but some of the activities the festival embraces.

On the past two occasions, Adelaide has proved an ideal venue for a festival. A spacious, sunny city on the Torrens River a few miles inland from the Gulf of St. Vincent, with a population of 593,500, ranks as the fourth largest Australian city. The Adelaide community has had a lively cultural life almost since its foundation in 1836 and the festival is a logical evolution from this. The popularity of the festival has awakened the city to the need of a festival hall. The Premier of South Australia, Sir Thomas Playford, has offered £A800,000 towards building the hall, on condition that the Adelaide City Council finds a further £A200,000 from its own funds and by private subscription. The people of Adelaide, which, incidentally, is named after the Queen of William IV, hope to have the hall in use for the 1966 festival.

This year's festival will present Australian premieres of the opera *Troilus and Cressida* by Sir William Walton and the *War Requiem* by Benjamin Britten. Verdi's opera *Macbeth*, Shakespeare's *Henry V* and the medieval *Play of Daniel* will be given, and there will also be performances by the Black Theatre of Prague. Sir William Walton will be in the audience for the performance of his opera, and will conduct the Festival Chamber Group in his *Façade* suite. Three principals from Covent Garden, all Australians, will sing in *Troilus and Cressida*: Richard Lewis, tenor; Maria Collier, soprano and John Shaw, baritone. John Shaw will also sing the title role in Verdi's *Macbeth*. The Deller Consort of Singers led by the renowned counter-tenor Alfred Deller will visit Australia for the *Play of Daniel*, as will the concert soprano Heather Harper and the tenor David Galliver for the Britten work.

The Sydney Symphony Orchestra and the South Australian Orchestra will perform under the conductors Alceo Galliera, Sir William Walton and Henry Krips. The Australian Broadcasting Commission's new music director, John Hopkins, will conduct the Australian Youth Orchestra. The Bayanihan Philippines Dance Company is visiting the festival and the Australian Ballet Company is arranging a special season which will last until March 28.

A Writers' Week and public poetry readings are part of the festival. Several organisations will meet in Adelaide while it is on: the Australian Commonwealth Literary Fund, the International Society of Contemporary Music, the Australian Commonwealth Art Advisory Board and the Australian Art Critics' Association. Unesco will hold a *Sound on Film* seminar.

Above: King William Street in Adelaide, capital of South Australia, where the biennial Festival of Arts takes place from March 7-21
Right: The National Gallery in North Terrace, Adelaide. Exhibitions of paintings by Arthur Boyd and of Royal portrait groups lent by the Queen are to be shown in the gallery during the festival

The festival will present the greatest concentration of art exhibitions ever held in Australia. The Australian painters, Sidney Nolan, Arthur Boyd and Russell Drysdale, will have separate exhibitions. Nolan will show 30 paintings which will enable Australians to see his celebrated new African paintings for the first time as a series. Boyd will have a retrospective exhibition of 60 of his works at the National Gallery; and Drysdale about 90 paintings at the John Martin's Gallery.

Night on Bald Mountain, the new play by the Australian novelist *continued on page 344*

Above: The Elder Hall (left) and Bonython Hall in the University of Adelaide, where festival activities will take place. In the centre is a statue of Sir Thomas Elder, a benefactor of the University in the 1880s

Top: A restaurant juts out over the River Torrens on which Adelaide is built. The river was named after Sir Robert Torrens, who was the creator of the Torrens system of land registration

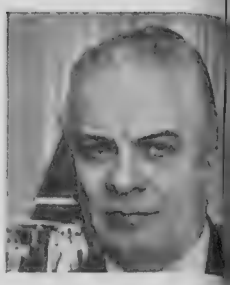
Left: A feature of the 1962 festival was a Procession of Flowers

Far left: As in the Edinburgh Festival, the Adelaide Festival of Arts has its own "fringe" activities. One of these at the 1962 festival was an outdoor exhibition of paintings

ARTS IN ADELAIDE *continued from page 343*

344 Patrick White, author of *Voss*, *Tree of Man* and *Riders in the Chariot*, will have its world premiere. A late engagement for the festival is the play *Macbeth in Camera* with which four British actors have been touring India. It is a play about theatre technique, in which the actors argue that *Macbeth* must be done as action; the director insists that they formulate the meaning of the play and the producer that the words, poetry and philosophy of the play are most important. The play will thus be a further gesture of the festival to the 400th Anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday.

Including a Festival Fair at Elder Park, in which 1,400 artists and performers will appear, the festival presents the wide range of popular entertainment that has already made it well known all over the world.



Right: The Sydney Symphony Orchestra in a photograph taken at the first Adelaide Festival of Arts in 1960. In this year's festival Sir William Walton and Alceo Galliera (above right) will conduct

Left: Working on costume designs for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust's production of *Henry V*, is Desmond Digby, who studied at the Slade School of Art in London

Far left: A young Sydney actor, John Bell, who is to take the title role in *Henry V*. He is acclaimed as one of Australia's most promising actors

Right: The interior of Bonython Hall, where *St. Joan* was staged in the 1962 Adelaide Arts Festival

Left: Members of the Bayanihan Philippines Dance Company who are to take part in the festival
Below: A costume designed by Kristian Fredericson, the New Zealand artist, for the production of the ballet *Aurora's Wedding* by the Australian Ballet Company
Below centre: The artist Warwick Armstrong with his set for the ballet

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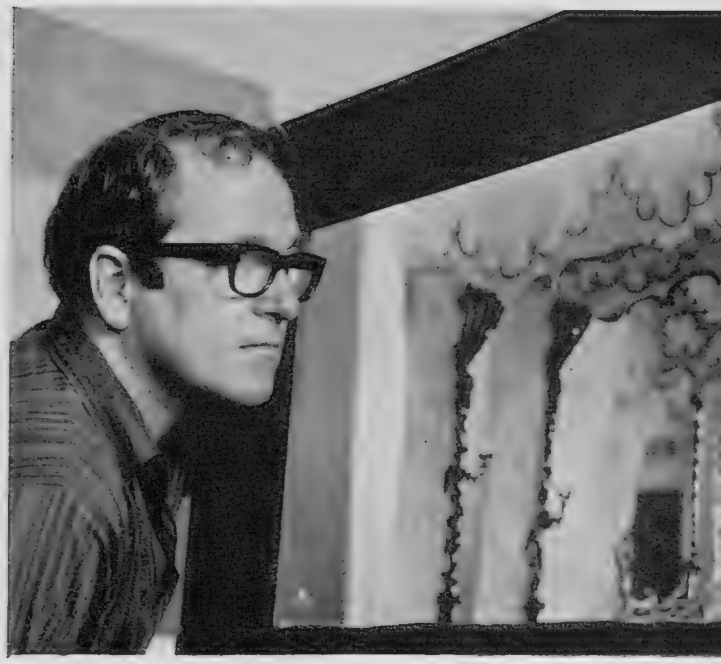
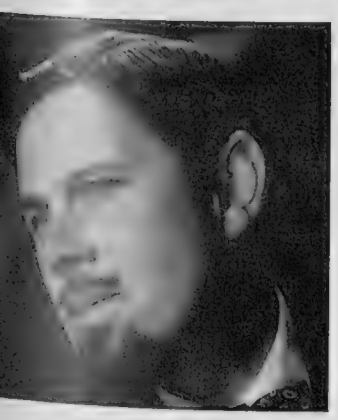




Above: The Dutch composer Heank Badings whose *Concerto for Two Violins* will be performed for the first time in Australia at the Adelaide Festival
Above left: The Viennese pianist Ingrid Haebler who takes part in the festival with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra
Left: Alfred Deller and his Consort of Singers, a British group, will be heard in the medieval *Play of Daniel*

Above: The Australian baritone, John Shaw, is to take the title role in Verdi's opera *Macbeth* and in the Australian premiere of Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*
Above left: Anna Volska was born in Poland but now lives in Sydney. She will play the role of Katherine in the production of *Henry V*
Left: Heather Harper, Irish born soprano, will be singing in the *War Requiem* and also give two recitals

ODD MAN OUT

photographs by J. Allan Cash

Above: A view along the sea front at Tel Aviv, one of the principal cities of Israel
Right: New buildings in a central street in Tel Aviv
Far right: In an old quarter of the Israeli part of Jerusalem. The city is divided between Israel and Jordan

Israel is the odd man out in the Middle East. The hatred of the surrounding Arab states is evidenced by their refusal to recognise the country of the Jews. Modern Israel is only 16 years old but these recent pictures are a reminder that behind the modernity is a history as old as the story of mankind. Bustling Tel Aviv typifies the spirit of the new Israel and has long outstripped in size and importance Jaffa of which it started as a suburb. Another of the new towns is the port of Eilat. These contrast with the cities of the Bible which often retain the atmosphere of the distant centuries.

Above: A hotel in Eilat, the port which is Israel's outlet to the Red Sea
Top: King Solomon's Columns in the desert near Eilat
Left: Traditional and modern clothes are worn in the market at Beersheba, an historic city of Israel

ODD MAN OUT *continued from page 347*

Right: A functional building typifies Tel Aviv's modernity
Below: Fishermen mend their nets in the ancient port of Acre
Centre: Outside a cafe enjoying the sunshine in Tel Aviv

Left: In the desolate countryside above the Dead Sea. **Above:** Inside a cultural centre in Beersheba

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

GHOSTS WALK IN WHITEHAVEN

I suppose that, if I call Whitehaven a " ghost town," I shall get a dignified letter of protest from the local Chamber of Commerce. I enjoy dignified letters of protest from Chambers of Commerce, so I shall say what I think: that Whitehaven is a ghost town. I have been in the town three times in my life, and on each occasion the impression left with me has been the same: that I have been in a ghost town.

On the face of it, this is, I admit, ridiculous. Whitehaven has a population of some 26,000; and it has industries and coal mines and a harbour. It is a busy place and, for West Cumberland, a prosperous one. There is, here, nothing of the depression, the atmosphere of resignation, that you cannot help but notice in some parts of north-eastern

The old buildings around Whitehaven's harbour contrast with the orderly lines of some newly erected flats

These houses were built for 19th century merchants

England, in some parts of south-western Scotland. It has the reputation, even among Cumberland authors, of being suspicious of, if not definitely unfriendly towards, strangers: a reputation, too, for dourness. I think that the town's situation, cut off as it is from the main stream which runs well inland for the Lakes, Carlisle and the North, has had something to do with this. Whitehaven is not a holiday town. It has not the facile friendliness of the professional seaside town, does not cater for the tourist; nor has it the easiness of the big, busy, international seaport. It is a self-sufficient, self-reliant, place; I myself have never found the folk of Whitehaven to be unfriendly.

On the contrary: I have felt less welcome in many a village pub in southern England than I have in any of the Whitehaven pubs I have frequented. Whitehaven is cheerful, quietly friendly, busy. Which does not sound like a ghost town. But a ghost town it is. Here—and this more than in any other old town I know in England—the past dominates the present. Walk these streets and squares at night (and Whitehaven goes to bed early) and the ghosts walk with you.

It is all a matter of atmosphere. The old town lies round a creek and at the foot of three hills. You come down into it—and, remember, the whole area is industrial; coal and iron—through the usual sprawl of suburbs —" taken one by one," as Norman Nicholson has said, " they are as ugly as good intentions "—and council houses, built in rows, which have now more or less covered the hillsides, and there is nothing, absolutely nothing, to prepare you for the surprise that greets you at the foot. You come down into an 18th century town; a spacious (though, with the hills pressing in, there was never very much space) well-planned town of broad, straight streets and good houses, some large handsome houses. Almost you might be in Bath or Cheltenham; the period is the same. But this is not the Georgian of Nash, of the leisurely spa: this is the Georgian of commerce and power.

The prosperity of Whitehaven was founded on coal. But this is not the architecture of coal. (Do you know, anywhere in England, a Georgian coal-mining town, a coal-mining town that, at sight, brings to mind Nash and the spas?) It was not the coal, but the transport of coal that made old Whitehaven a handsome Georgian town. Moving the coal over land, such is the hinterland, was virtually impossible: moving it by sea was not. Whitehaven built its own ships and gained the complete monopoly of the coal trade with Ireland. And soon these ships were carrying other goods and going farther afield. Whitehaven became the second most important port in Britain for the tobacco trade and the third largest port in Britain anyway. And we look now at the houses of the merchant venturers.

But the hinterland won in the end. The goods brought into Whitehaven still had to be transported over that difficult country. It was easier from Liverpool or Bristol. Moreover, Whitehaven's was a difficult harbour, expensive to maintain. The trade departed and with it the wealthy merchants. The ghosts remain; especially around the harbour with its complicated pattern of piers within the two great outer piers which " hug the harbour like lobster's claws," along the quaysides, and in the quayside pubs. Whitehaven is still a seaport: it is this that gives the town its distinctive flavour. And it is this, the shrunken seaport and the spacious planning of another age based on a misplaced optimism, that gives the town its ghost-ridden atmosphere. The Georgian spas, relying on calmer waters, do not have it.

Strangely, Whitehaven, beyond the history of rise and fall common to so many English ports, has no history. But it has one romantic, if historically unimportant, episode. On April 23, 1778, Paul Jones, captain of an American privateer, who had worked in the shipyards of Whitehaven as a young man, sailed into the harbour, landed sailors and spiked the batteries guarding the harbour, and set fire to some of the shipping. It was a fine feat of seamanship, for it is an intricate harbour to manoeuvre in. I do not know that he actually destroyed much shipping, and he certainly had no effect on the war as a whole, but he did get away unscathed, and he certainly frightened the inhabitants.

So much so, that Paul Jones is still remembered in Whitehaven. I do not know that many of the townspeople actually know who Paul Jones was or what he did. But the name is remembered. On my last visit I was solemnly assured by a teenager that the dance, Paul Jones, is a Cumberland dance and that it started in Whitehaven and in that very pub. How easily, in less than two centuries, does history change to legend!

ISLANDS IN THE BALTIC BY SYLVIE NICKELS

350 To anyone with a nostalgia for the days of the sailing ships, the name of Gustaf Erikson will need no introduction. Nor will his fleet of windjammers which billowed their way along the trading routes of the seven seas in the '20's and '30's, setting up international records as they went.

Aland is the kind of place which breeds men like Erikson, who began with nothing and became the owner of the biggest windjammer fleet of its kind in the world (the ill-fated *Pamir* was his; so was the *Passat*, now in Germany, and the *Herzogin Cecilie*, who held the record on the Australia to Great Britain grain-ship races). The 6,500 islands and skerries which comprise Aland poke up out of the Baltic between Sweden and Finland, as if nature had been trying to join the two together and was distracted in the middle. Of its 10,000 square kilometres, only 1,450 are land—and some of it pretty rugged land at that—all of it adding up to an outdoor playground long favoured by several nationalities among which the British barely figure at all.

Though the islanders are entirely Swedish-speaking, they are citizens of Finland for, in 1809, when Sweden ceded Finland to the "Autocrat of all the Russias," Aland was included in the parcel. It has followed the ups and downs of Finnish fortunes ever since though Sweden made a bid for it after Finland's independence was declared in 1917. The League of Nations settled the ensuing controversy by recognising Finland's sovereignty over the islands, while guaranteeing them a large degree of self-government. This they have retained to this day, along with their own flag which is flown at every opportunity, sometimes—when they remember—diplomatically placed between the standards of Finland and Sweden. The fact remains, however, that whatever their position has become by virtue of the chessboard of international politics, the Aland islands belong to no one other than the Aland islanders themselves.

Mariehamn, the capital, with 7,000 inhabitants or nearly a quarter of the total population, was founded by Alexander II in 1861 and straddles a thin peninsula on the largest and most westerly of the islands. It is slightly nearer to Sweden than to the Finnish mainland, but can be reached in under the hour from either by Finnair's several daily services. It also lies on a bewildering number of shipping routes between the two countries, including fine car-ferries from Norrtälje (in Sweden) via Mariehamn to Turku (Finnish mainland) and, in summer, a hydrofoil service Stockholm-Mariehamn.

From the main island, the remaining 6,499 scatter eastwards finally to merge with the archipelagos off Finland. Regular passenger boats link the larger inhabited islands in summer, or you can take pot luck among the mail bags and milk churns of the post boats. In winter, ice disposes of the transport problem: you simply walk across.

Life is tough on the easterly islands where the rocky soil is thin and unyielding, and where the handful of fishermen's families grows smaller every year. In the west, however, the scene is as fair and fertile as the rolling farmlands of East Anglia, drawing its own special character from the deep forests which intervene and the inlets caught between steep shoulders of red granite, for the sea is forever catching you unawares.

Above: The four-masted barque *Pommern* is moored by the Maritime Museum at Mariehamn, capital of the Aland isl

This sea is in the blood of every Aland Islander, and it has been so since Viking times when Aland was one of the most populated areas of Scandinavia. In those days it was a good deal smaller, too, for in the battle between land and sea, the land is slowly gaining inches—about 24 of them every century. When multiplied round hundreds of miles of intricate coastline, it does not take many centuries to revolutionise the Aland map, as evidenced by the charts of Mariehamn's tiny Aland Museum.

Mariehamn's main showpiece, however, is the Maritime Museum near the West Harbour, designed in the form of a windjammer to which the scarred relics from many a vessel make their contribution. Moored alongside is the four-masted barque *Pommern*, its naked masts a mute tribute to the windjammer era which died with Gustaf Erikson in 1946.

Aland remains the possessor of a merchant fleet that is second only to that of Helsinki in all Finland. With this it combines farming and fishing; industry is almost non-existent. Mariehamn is a veritable, if miniature, garden city whose neat houses of cream painted wood bring their surrounding flowers and fruit trees into the centre of the town. From here, coach excursions take you along some of Aland's 400-odd miles of narrow but very reasonable roads to destinations such as Bomarsund and the Russian fortress that was blasted out of existence by the Anglo-French during the Crimean war—no doubt to the considerable relief of the Swedes; or to the 14th century castle of Kastelholm; or to the several glorious little medieval churches for which the islands should be far better known. Some of them, such as the churches of Finström and Eckerö, are gems of medieval craftsmanship.

There is a moderate amount of night life in Mariehamn, with dancing at a few restaurants, chief of which is the Societetshus, popularly known as Socis (pronounced Soossi's). Here, the large and pleasant restaurant which can, if necessary, take 600, is the islands' main social centre, with dancing every night in summer.

With its 15 rooms, "Socis" is the largest hotel in Aland at present, though the new Motel a mile outside the town has twice as many. The Nautical Club, now an hotel, has only four rooms, but all with private baths and a marvellous position near the West Harbour. The many pensions scattered about the islands are comfortable and spotlessly clean (if a little spartan for they lack hot water), with full board at about 26s-33s a day. Most popular form of accommodation

bove ri[illegible]: A view of the town which shows the East harbour

Above: At Finström is one of several lovely medieval churches on the islands. The scenery recalls England

[illegible] the 1,000 summer cottages scattered about [illegible]he islands, many of them idyllically placed. [illegible]rices range from £6-£12 a week, usually [illegible]ith accommodation for four to six persons. [illegible]acilities are simple and they are not for those [illegible]eking luxury, but they are ideally suited [illegible]o the away-from-it-all atmosphere of this [illegible]orthern archipelago.

These are essentially outdoor-holiday [illegible]slands, characterised by a blessed lack of [illegible]ophistication. You can rent a boat with out[illegible]board motor and fishing tackle, join a fishing [illegible]r bathing party, rent one of Mariehamn's two [illegible]r three available cars, swim, walk or un[illegible]ashamedly laze. Summer weather may be as warm as the Mediterranean; it will almost undoubtedly be warmer than Britain, with days that are barely broken by the brief twilight of the northern night.

For further information: Finnish Travel Information Centre, 56, Haymarket, London, S.W.1. *Means of access:* By air, London-Stockholm, by BEA, SAS, etc., £39 4s night tourist excursion, £64 14s tourist return, £87 8s 1st-class return. Stockholm-Mariehamn, by Finnair, £6 4s return (tourist-class only). By surface travel, London-Mariehamn, via Tilbury-Gothenburg-Stockholm, approximately £35 2nd-class return, approximately £50 1st-class return, meals included between Tilbury and Gothenburg.

TRAVEL BOOKS

Introducing Belgium by Michael Winch: Methuen. 30s, takes the novice traveller by the hand and leads him firmly around Belgium.

Unknown France (subtitled *The Roads to Spain*) by Georges Pillement: Johnson. 30s, conducts the motorist on eleven different itineraries in South-East and South-West France.

Unknown Spain also by Georges Pillement: Johnson. 30s, does the same for Northern Spain. Both volumes have photographs by the author.

Your Guide to the Italian Riviera Dei Fiori by F. R. Banks: Alvin Redman. 21s, covers the sunbaked stretch from Menton to Alassio.

Your Guide to Bulgaria by Harold Rose: Alvin Redman. 21s, is a practical guide to a country too little known by western tourists.

The Road to Stockholm (and Lapland) by David Hughes: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 25s, is a leisurely travelogue by a fine writer moving from Hampshire via Ostend, Antwerp, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Gotland and Lapland, to Stockholm.

A STEWARD'S STORY

352 **Golden Swords and Pots and Pans** by José Arnold: Gollancz. 25s. Mr Arnold was formerly Chief Steward to His Majesty King Saud of Saudi Arabia, a position which he held for five years and which has provided him with innumerable headaches and the material for quite a fascinating book. Mr Arnold is of Swiss origin and received his training in the land of the best hoteliers. His subsequent career took him to America, into the US army, and thence to Arabia with the vast organisation of Aramco for whom he was camp boss. As Crown Prince, Saud once visited the camp and was so delighted with the chicken dish concocted by the author that he invited him to be his principal steward, an appointment which meant travelling between at least ten palaces, the newest of which had no kitchen at all. As King, Ibn Saud was surrounded by what were euphemistically known as "advisers" who managed, in spite of his immense wealth, to keep the Treasury at a low ebb and to ensure that bills and salaries were rarely paid. Mr Arnold grappled with corruption, fantastic inefficiency and conditions which were the exact opposite of hygienic. Luckily he has a sense of humour which is evident in his book and must have helped to sustain him during those five extraordinary years of luxury and waste.

Germaine by Wayne Andrews: Gollancz. 25s, is a portrait of Madame de Staël, that formidable lady whose loves, enthusiasms and intellectual accomplishments enlivened Europe in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. She was the daughter of Necker, a great Swiss banker, and her considerable fortune as well as her marriage to a Swedish diplomat enabled her to survive the French Revolution and many other personally stormy passages. She was also a woman of great courage to whom a warning had only the effect of stimulation and she saved many of her friends during the Terror. Granted a *mari complaisant* she pursued her love affairs with all publicity and acknowledged the fatherhood of her lovers' children. Among these men the chief was Benjamin Constant but he was not without rivals. Her less passionate friendships included Goethe, Schiller and Madame Récamier. One of the few famous figures of her day whom she knew well but could never conquer even in terms of friendship was Napoleon, whom she not only exasperated but who thought her ugly. Madame de Staël was, in fact, not a beauty though she could have been called a fine figure of a woman and had remarkably lovely eyes. The fascination which she exerted so widely lay in the spontaneous warmth of her manner and in the undeniable brilliance of her conversation. Goethe said of her that her greatest mistake was "philosophising in public, which is another word for showing off by discussing unsolvable problems." She was, all in all, an exceptional woman and Mr Andrews has written an agreeably readable book on her subject.

The World of Monsieur Vincent by Mary Purcell: Harvill. 30s, was the world of 16th century France for he died in 1660 and his whole long life had been lived during a period of incessant warfare and political turbulence. The man who was to become St. Vincent de Paul was born a peasant, educated with difficulty and grew up to know not only terrible poverty but the amazing adventure of being captured by pirates and sold as a slave in Barbary. It was his own experience of the downtrodden and the bitterly poor which was to guide him in his life's work, and to encourage him to found the Vincentian Fathers and the Sisters of Charity. For all his humble beginnings he was a man who could move at ease among the great and he became spiritual director to Queen Anne of Austria while knowing Louis XIII, Queen Marie de Medici, Cardinal Richelieu and Cardinal Mazarin. Miss Purcell has written a sober and scholarly book and one is grateful for so clear and human a picture of a saint whose greatest quality was perhaps his humanity.

The Dangerous Islands: by Ann Bridge: Chatto & Windus. 18s, follows the trend of this writer's latter books in being primarily an adventure story. A familiar heroine, Julia Probyn, is engaged on a fresh and fairly hazardous exploit and this time meets not only her match but her true love. Cruising with her cousins in a yacht off the West Coast of Scotland she comes across a queer sight on one of the smaller and remoter islands. It is a sky blue pole or aerial which suddenly emerges from the turf in an uninhabited spot and proves much later to be a Russian installation for communicating with satellites. Julia and her new admirer, a Colonel in Military Intelligence, start to track down the sources of the mystery and in so doing become involved with Russian trawler crews and forbidding Czechoslovak spies. Miss Bridge, as usual, is informative to a guide book degree on local country scenes and customs and as much at home, say, in County Mayo as in Oban. I have never thought that she was at her best in the writing of love scenes which are apt to take on the naïvety of *The Young Visitor* but in the main her book provides a very pleasant form of armchair travel.

A Flight of Chariots by Jon Cleary: Collins. 21s. deals with the lives of two astronauts: as topical a theme as a writer could well choose. The men are of different temperaments in spite of their common denominator of superb fitness and courage. One of them is of the type that breeds

THE MAD MONARCH

The King's Malady by Charles Chevenix Trench: Longmans. 30s.
The Golden Haze by Roderick Cameron: Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 50s.
The Highway and the City by Lewis Mumford: Martin Secker and Warburg. 25s.
Babylon by James G. MacQueen: Robert Hale. 21s.
Where We Came In by Charles Oakley: Allen and Unwin. 36s.
A Dictionary of Modern Painting Methuen. 50s.

Seven European monarchs contemporary with George III were more or less unhinged, including his brother-in-law, the King of Denmark; but Europe on the whole bore the burden with equanimity. King George's attack of insanity in 1788-89, however, had a particularly disastrous public impact. As time went on, the King's malady became the centre of a sordid and brutal political struggle, with Fox's opposition party determined to prove the King incurable in order that their raffish patron, the Prince of Wales, should become Regent with powers sufficient to put them in office and keep them there. Pitt's Ministry affected to believe that the King's attack was mild and curable, and each of the political parties, needless to say, had its own medical champions.

There is no doubt that for a more truthful light on this unhappy story we must look to the private diaries of the royal physicians, those of Sir George Baker, the only doctor in the first days of the illness, and of Dr John Willis who, with his father, was in immediate charge of the patient for some months before his recovery. Mr Charles Chevenix Trench has had access to these vital documents, and also to those of the King's equerry, Colonel Robert Fulke Greville. They are clearly far superior to the physicians' evidence given before Parliament, which was less than frank, and give the lie to much of the gossip and hearsay on which earlier historians have obviously relied. The diaries reveal the change in the wretched King from a kindly, well meaning, forgetful eccentric to a definitely abnormal man with a morbid interest in insanity, and a tendency to talk ramblingly with an extraordinary excess of vivacity. The author has written an absorbing account of a crucial and pathetic episode in the life of one of England's most likeable monarchs; but, my, how he did run on! The ruthlessness and hypocrisy of the politicians, the virulence of the public gossip, were maleficent factors in a situation that above all demanded tolerance; and this was denied.

In modern days shadows lie across the Pacific because of what man has done to it in peace and war on his westernising mission. The contrasts and the similarities between the islands in the days of Captain Cook and at the present time are brilliantly presented by Roderick Cameron in *The Golden Haze*. Captain Cook and his companions were intelligent and lively recorders, insatiably curious about everything around them. Mr Cameron has the same quality of mind, and now, flying in to the islands, he retraces the line of the three celebrated voyages drawing on ample quotations from the past to give added interest to his view of the present.

Lewis Mumford is a sage of modern town planning, and like the rest of us he has realised that the besetting problem of our age is what he calls "mono-transportation by automobile," the "beloved enemy" of Colin Buchanan's notable report. Here is the major threat to the sound design and well-being of cities, and are we not beginning to know it! *The Highway and the City* is a collection of some of Mr Mumford's most trenchant essays. He is particularly entertaining about London's vogue for high rise buildings. Since we survived the German bombs, in part because of our vastness, he sees no reason why we should not survive our current building boom—a heartening thought by one who looks back in anguish on what civilisation has done to the cities of his own homeland.

It is fascinating to look back on the march through three fluctuating milleniums of a

natural daredevils; the other a more serious character. Both of them are married, the first to a gay and charming English girl, the second to a deeply loyal Australian girl and Mr Cleary takes the reader back to the early days of war and London blitz as he traces the beginnings of their two love stories. This is a book with many moments of genuine excitement and an unexpected climax.

The Garden House by Ruth Tomalin: Faber. 21s, is less a novel than an account of a small boy's life in a country home in the England of the '30's. He is by instinct and later by training a naturalist and Miss Tomalin writes quite enchantingly about his discoveries and small adventures as well as about the development of his own mind and emotions.

The Scorpio Letters by Victor Canning: Heinemann. 18s, features one of those indestructible heroes who survive coshing, drugging, drowning, shooting and falling down precipices to get his prey in the end. Nevertheless—or even because of—this impregnability he is the focal point of a series of adventures in France and Switzerland which I can recommend to you as thoroughly good, sporting reading. At any rate, I enjoyed it myself and continue to regard Mr Canning as a master of this *genre*.

A Firework for Oliver by John Sanders: Heinemann. 21s, is an unusual piece of work: partly an historical novel and partly a thriller. The setting is 17th century England in the period just after the Civil War with Oliver Cromwell fighting Royalist plots by means of his own counter-intelligence service. The situation in terms of adventure is obviously a promising one and Mr Sanders has made a very exciting thing of it. **Vernon Fane**

city that knew at least two separate periods of greatness before finally crumbling into dust, though not passing from men's minds. James G. MacQueen's *Babylon* shows the city as the centre of an empire dominating the Middle East through trade, and through those same channels exercising a spiritual power which lasted long after her political greatness had passed. Mr MacQueen, taking note of the known falsities and exaggerations of Herodotus and making use of newly won archaeological knowledge, reveals the workings of this city of vast size, enormous wealth and magnificent buildings.

The chequered but on the whole important career of British films is taken in review by Charles Oakley in *Where We Came In*. He takes as his landmarks a score of films which have made the grade, and looking back across the years it is a fine record made in the face of financial tribulations and many other uncertainties. Mr Oakley is well qualified to write on this theme as a Governor of the British Film Institute and of the National Film Archive.

A Dictionary of Modern Painting, the first survey of painting from the Impressionists onwards, appeared in 1956. There was a second edition two years later, and now it is again enlarged and affords a detailed panorama of world painting from 1850. The general editors are Carlton Lake and Robert Maillard. **Richard Edmonds**

PASSED FOR SECURITY

Dirk Bogarde, seen here, has the role of Nicolas Whistler in the film *Hot Enough For June*, booked for the Odeon in Haymarket, London, from March 5. Whistler is the central figure in a tale of espionage and counter-espionage in Britain and in Czechoslovakia which should have the virtue of being passed for security on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Others in the cast of this tale of love and spying include Robert Morley, as a gallant colonel in the British Foreign Office's espionage department, and Sylva Koscina, the beautiful Communist agent who falls in love with Nicolas Whistler. Betty Box produced and Ralph Thomas directed on locations in Italy and Britain.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **W. P. MILLER**

The president of the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation until March 31 this year is Mr W. P. Miller. Mr Miller comes from a family long associated with boat building. He is himself managing director of James N. Miller and Son Ltd., and the seventh generation of Millers to run the yard at St. Monance, Fife. The firm was established 214 years ago, and today builds the "Fifer" range of yachts, fishing boats and pilot boats. "Fifer" fishing winches and capstans are also manufactured, in the engineering department. The firm are pioneers in this sphere, Mr Miller being the holder of seven patents covering this range. In the photograph Mr Miller is shown beside one of the firm's fishing boat type yachts on view at Earls Court, London in the Boat Show. Mr Miller was born in St. Monance and educated at St. Monance and Glasgow. He served his apprenticeship in Glasgow as a marine engineer with the makers of the Kelvin marine engine. During the First World War he served with the RNVR in 'Q' boats and minesweepers. Mr Miller first joined his family firm in 1921, becoming managing director in 1933. During the Second World War he was Provost of St. Monance and worked on the Admiralty's boat building programme, taking an active part in national organisation for which he was awarded the O.B.E. Mr Miller has been vice-president and president of the Fishing Boat Builders' Association for the past 21 years. He is a Justice of the Peace and a member of the Institute of Marine Engineers. His hobbies are angling and collecting ship models. Married, with a grown-up daughter and son, he lives at Ivybank, St. Monance, Fife

UNAMBIGUOUS STATISTICS

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

" When businessmen tell me they have spare capacity, that can mean anything or nothing," said one of the high officials of the European Economic Commission in Brussels to me a few weeks ago. " I ask them ' How much spare labour have you?'." He reminded me of the only economic statistic on which, in the present uncertainties about whether Britain has a crisis, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to place real reliance: the unemployment figures.

These figures are, certainly, about the only ones in the Chancellor's economic Bradshaw that are both up-to-date and unambiguous; they represent an actual total of men and women lining up at labour exchanges to collect unemployment benefit, and they are published less than a fortnight after this count is taken. Processing them, in the Ministry of Labour, does introduce some arbitrary calculation, for the purpose of making allowance for the time of year: but this " seasonal adjustment," albeit uncertain, is for the purpose of making more sense out of the " raw " figures. They remain far more anchored to actual fact than the rarefied and complicated combination of different statistical series, good and bad, that make up, for example, the monthly industrial production index.

By the middle of February the number of unemployed people in Britain was back to the two per cent. of the estimated number of employees that many people would argue spells inflation for postwar Britain. This figure has come to be accepted as a practicable definition of " full employment " (it is a good deal lower than would have been thought practicable before or shortly after the war). Using a rather more sophisticated measure, however, the number of unemployed still well exceeded the number of jobs on offer: 464,038 on February 10, against little over a quarter of a million vacancies. Even apart from the normal seasonal spring and summer reduction, it seems likely that by the end of the summer unemployment in Britain will be down to about one-and-a-half per cent.

If labour is once again emerging as the scarcest factor in the British economy, it will set the Chancellor, or his successor, some rather awkward medium-term problems, quite apart from the short-term question of whether or how much to apply the brakes on the current boom. In general, there is the problem that Britain's future supplies of labour do not look likely to be as abundant as those in some of our Continental and world competitors. Secondly, there is the fact that shortages tend to be of particular kinds of labour, not just of " bodies " as such. Thirdly, there is the regional problem: the best-intentioned efforts to solve it, if they succeed, could make the general supply of labour a more critical problem for the economy as a whole.

Like other European countries, Britain can count on some natural increase in its working population during the next five or ten years; but not as large as it was counting on a few years ago. One reduction in that natural increase, or postponement of it, will come from the raising of the school-leaving age when this is carried out; a more lasting reduction, over the years, should come from the policy of extending university and other further education to a steadily growing proportion of young people.

Nor has Britain, on the face of it, as much room for redeployment of labour as some of its industrial competitors have. On the Continent, for example, the proportion of people working in agriculture is around 15 per cent. of the total in civil employment. These farmers and some of their agricultural workers, certainly, argue as loudly as do British agriculturalists that they are an important part of the national way of life, an essential import-saving industry with other good reasons for some degree of subsidy; nevertheless, in recent years there has been a significant shift from the land into industry throughout Europe. In Britain, too, there has been a little; nevertheless, Britain only starts with about five per cent. of its working population in agriculture. We featherbed, that is to say, many fewer farmers than most European countries do; but by the same token we have a much smaller reservoir of extra labour supply for industry on the land.

In the last decade or so, again, quite a significant addition to our labour force has come from reductions in the armed services. However sanguine one may be about disarmament as a practical ideal in our lifetimes, it would be unwise to assume that we can benefit from a similar redeployment of manpower into civilian pursuits during the next decade: if anything, one would expect the redeployment to be in the reverse direction. Nor do present policies suggest that manpower will shift out of certain declining industries, such as coal mining and cotton, on quite the scale that it did in the late '50's; these are down to what the Government seems to regard as a minimum level, deserving of support against further shrinkage. No doubt some other industries will be declining during the next decade: who cares to nominate them? But not many of them seem likely to be as labour-intensive, and therefore able to release as many workers, as mining and cotton were; the other really labour-intensive industry in the country, construction, seems liable to be so much under pressure as to employ its present labour force during the rest of the '60's.

There are two areas of " service " activity, distribution and clerical work, where rationalisation on the one hand and mechanisation on the other may tend to release labour. But it remains to be seen whether the further concentration of the distributive trades will really release much labour; and though the computer can do the work of many clerks, it often so far seems simply to increase the amount of calculation and paperwork done. This in itself, to the extent that all of it means greater efficiency, is a kind of hidden addition to the labour force; but it does not really affect the national scarcity of labour.

The extension of further education to more and more of the population, over time, will contribute to easing the second medium-term labour problem cited above: skilled labour. Nobody knows how much skilled labour there is in the country, or how much of what kinds of it industry really needs; so far, all the information and discussion has been scrappy in the extreme and the National Economic Development Council has found that it needs to measure this problem before suggesting more than general remedies. To judge from advertisements, we are rather obviously short of computer programmers, technically qualified salesmen, economists; not as obviously short as we were of research and development staff and bricklayers, for example. But until Neddy's national survey is complete we shall not really know the position—except to be uneasily apprehensive that the supply of skill will be well short of the prospective demand. Not many of the industrialists who answered the last questionnaire of the Federation of British Industries said they expected shortage of skilled labour to affect their output over the next few months; but make that the next few years and it would be a confident businessman who could say the same.

A third labour problem that may cause perplexities for the Government's economic ministers is concerned with regional policy. Originally, of course, the regional problem is precisely one of unemployment; even with our present national average of two per cent. unemployed, there are four per cent. or more in the North of England and Scotland, to say nothing of Ulster. Nearly all the measures of regional policy aimed at developing these relatively depressed areas involve taking work to these unemployed people. But it has been pointed out by Professor F. W. Paish, one of the most influential economists with a Conservative administration, that, in a boom, these areas of heavier than average unemployment do to some extent constitute reserves of labour for the areas where employment is fullest.

Migration of labour from depressed to highly prosperous areas is not immense, but it is significant. Over the next few years, with other additions to the labour supply not as flush as before, it could become more important. To the extent that it is reduced, because industry which would have chosen to set up elsewhere begins operations in the depressed regions, we get extra national output, though probably not as much as if the industrialists had chosen their location on strictly economic grounds. But by the same token the reserve labour available for expansion of output in our present boom areas—which are the " natural " growth points of the economy, so far—becomes smaller. These are the areas where intense demand for labour tends to develop wage pressure.

To the extent that one can calculate a " vertical percentage " of unemployment, below which inflation results, it comes in these boom areas. And if regional policy makes the supply of labour to those areas fractionally tighter, the point where inflation sets in will tend to come earlier.

Shortage of labour, then, seems likely to be a central fact of life for the British economy for the next decade or so, presuming we are to sustain the rate of growth that Neddy has suggested for the nation. Ought the price of it to go up? In relation to the cost of using other resources, such as machinery and power, the answer is almost certainly yes; but in relation to the total balance of the economy, wage inflation gets us nowhere. Incomes policy, if any government could make it work, might be the answer to part of the problem; but even that would not necessarily make it more profitable to invest in doing without labour than businessmen find it today. Perhaps some future government will again take up the idea of a payroll tax; and next time try to make a real one work.

Messing about in boats brings a lot of pleasure to devotees like the occupants of this Brooke Marine Ocean Pirate express cruiser—and a lot of work to Britain's boat building industry. See following pages

GABOR DENES

BOATS AND THEIR BUILDERS

356 Boat building is part of our national heritage, handed down through centuries. An ancient craft steeped in tradition such as this has an aura of romance. No wonder that—until it received a new and fresh impetus in recent years—it had attracted only people who wanted to build boats because they liked doing so, rather than the kind who would regard it as a business in which to make a profit.

Businesslike efficiency took second place to the love of the craft as recently as the years between the wars. In many of the smaller yards the owners were working with their men and were satisfied with taking a few pounds out of the till as their own remuneration. They had no time for office work, for going after orders, for properly examining costs or for progressing production and materials. They muddled along, often producing good boats at the wrong price.

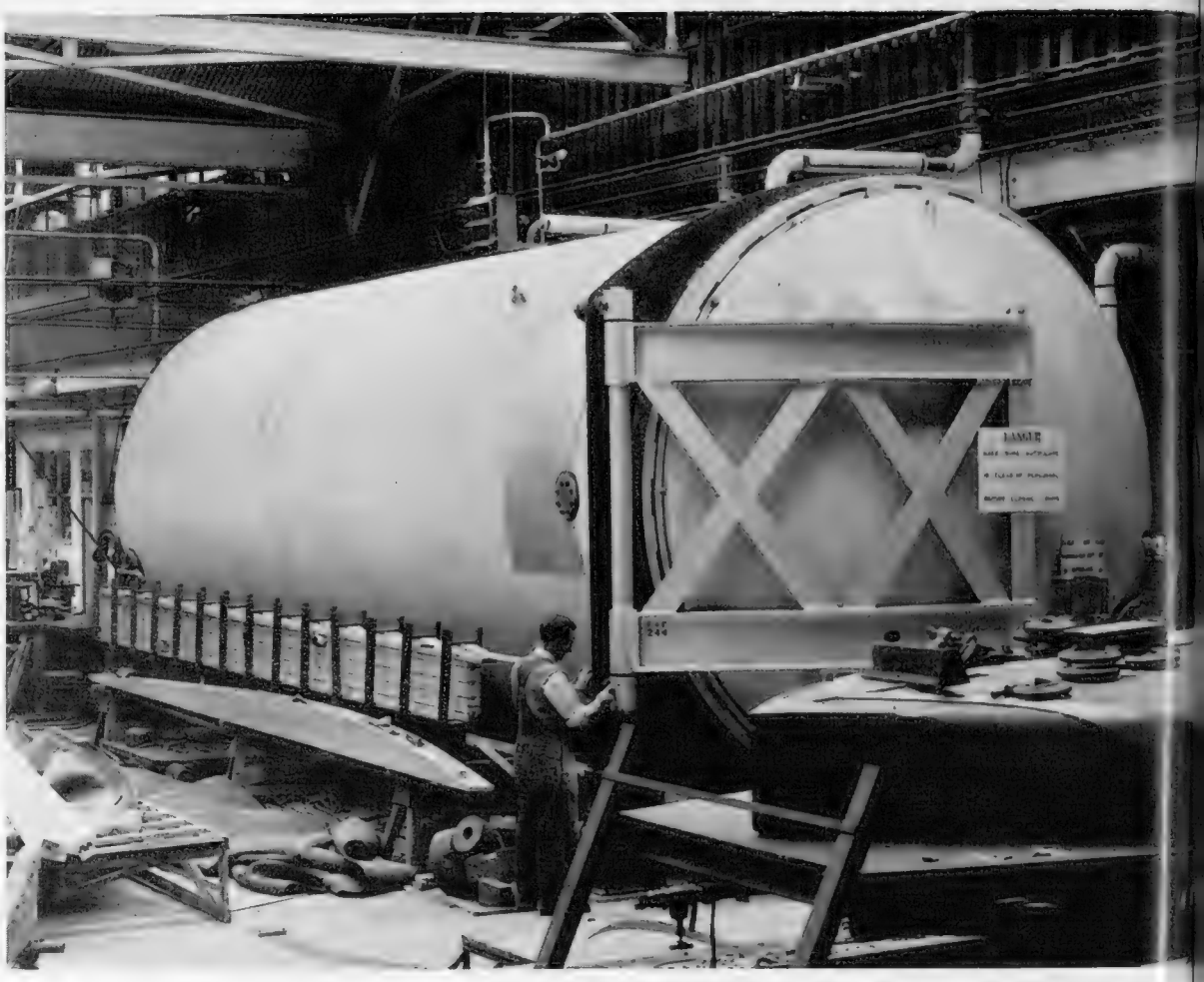
Things changed after the last war. The work provided by the Admiralty, which for years had represented a good slice of bread and butter for many yards, dried up to practically nothing. The effect of this change was most serious for those yards which depended on commercial craft. For it is almost impossible to switch from fishing craft and other work boats to yachts. Generally speaking the two do not mix. Different standards are required by each. The few firms which produce boats of both kinds have separate divisions for each type of work. As a result, since the end of the war about 20 per cent. of the commercial builders have fallen by the wayside. There have been failures among the yacht-building firms too, but these have been replaced by newcomers to the industry.

On the side of pleasure craft building, there has been an unprecedented boom in the last ten or 12 years. Stimulated by the fast growing popularity of boating in every form and by the cumulative effect of the annual Boat Show, the industry has expanded at a tremendous rate, but as a whole it is still a long way from being efficient.

The industry is composed of a few medium and a large number of small concerns. So far, few public companies have become directly and solely engaged in boat building. To quote Mr N. J. Millard, F.C.A., financial adviser to the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation and commercial director of National Boatshows Ltd., "This is a traditional craft, but sometimes we meet examples of out-of-date thinking and methods." He also considers that "generally the industry is probably under-capitalised."

From the yachtsman's point of view, this situation may or may not be pleasant. He may be prepared to forgo some efficiency for the sake of personal and individual relationships. From the point of view of the industry, however, it is a matter for regret that its profit records—perhaps due in some cases to a lack of sufficient development of facilities—are too poor to attract the interest and the capital of big business. One of the few larger concerns with a six-figure capital investment produces a return of 2 per cent. on capital. Another well-known company has found that when it reduced the prices of its boats turnover increased but profits went down.

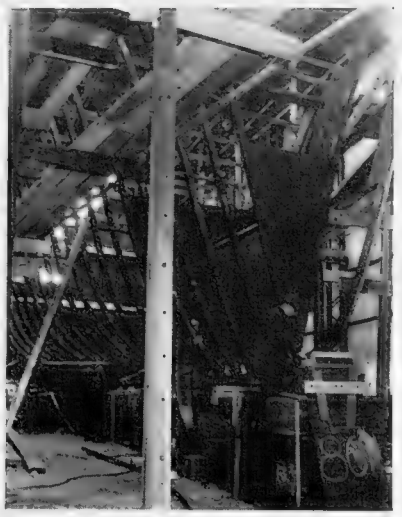
On the other hand good profits are made by another firm, which is still a family concern with working directors. Here the explanation may be that the main capital assets, such as ground, buildings and moorings had increased in value through the years and have never been a capital charge at the full value. This particular firm also proves another important aspect of the industry. Mooring and laying up facilities are the solid backbone of a prosperous boatyard, for, apart from the guaranteed income from charges for these services, a few hundred boats being looked after year after year brings with it a fair volume of repair work.



Above: At Fairey Marine, Hamble, laminated boat shells are given steam heat treatment in this oven to complete the hot moulding process
Right: Building a catamaran at Prout's building yard at The Point, Canvey Island
Below right: Draughtsmen busy on designs in the Southampton drawing office of Camper and Nicholsons

Even in today's boom conditions the most frequent failing among boat builders is the lack of knowledge of proper costing. Many boats are being built today on which the builder makes a loss, though often he is unaware of it. The Federation's policy is to remedy this by educating its members. Up to now it has been very difficult to obtain a true picture of the position in the industry as a whole for lack of facts and figures. No statistics exist, and figures are estimated. To remedy this, the Federation has asked its members to answer questionnaires and has received a good response, but it will take some time for the results to be collated and evaluated. The total annual turnover on pleasure boats is broadly estimated to be in the region of £20 million, of which the members of the industry spend roughly £500,000 on their participation in the Boat Show each year. It is thought that a similar figure is spent by them on advertising.

To turn this growth into a more profitable shape, improvements in costing, management and marketing are needed and these subjects occupy the study groups which have been formed in the Federation. Changes in methods of construction caused by the arrival of new materials also make for greater efficiency and economy of production. A sign of the times and an illustration of this development is the fact that out of 144 motor cruisers under 30 feet shown at the last Boat Show 59 were made *continued on page 358*



Above: Putting the finishing touches to moulded hulls
Top: Work in progress on a Folkboat at Woodnutts, Hamble
Left: The stern of a new yacht reaches the frame erection stage
Far left: Silhouettes under construction at Hurley's of Plymouth

BOATS AND THEIR BUILDERS *continued from page 356*

358 of fibreglass and 80 of wood. This, compared with the previous year's corresponding figures of 37 and 103, clearly shows the trend.

The present structure of the industry is also partly to blame for unprofitable production. There are too many small units engaged. Their production and buying of raw materials are uneconomical. Mergers are not encouraged by the poor profit records, but with the growth of turnover, and the increase in demand for boats, it would be more profitable for some of the smaller boat builders to stop building and to become distributors and service stations. Many are engaged in the more profitable ancillary branches of the industry, such as running hire fleets, laying up and moorings, sale of fuel and chandlery.

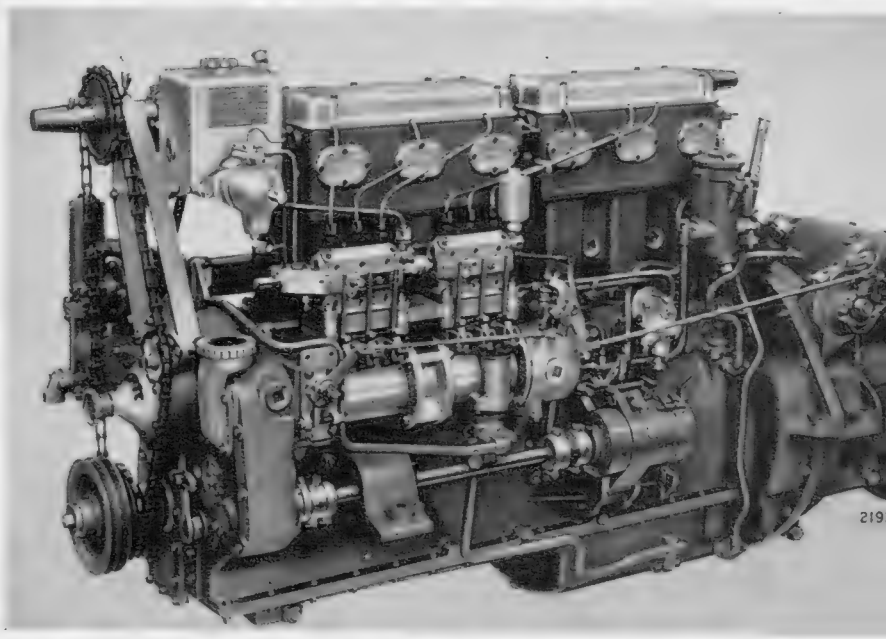
To facilitate this trend, the present discounts available in boat building would have to be changed. In the motor industry 22½ per cent. of the retail price of a car is shared by the distributor and the agent. On boats the maximum total discount is seldom more than 15 per cent. This will have to be improved to cover selling costs and the whole industry would benefit by more quantity production of small craft.

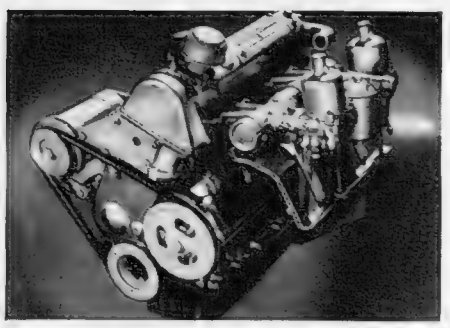
Although there cannot be any question of the market having reached saturation point, there appears to be a probably temporary levelling out in the sale of sailing dinghies, while, surprisingly, the demand for large, individually built yachts, both sail and power driven, is still growing. Better management, and particularly more careful costing on the part of the builders will inevitably result in higher prices for these, but savings will be possible by giving up some of the individual features of such craft. Already a few steps in this direction are evident. "Stock" hulls of first class design are available, where the buyers can have internal layout and rig made to fit their individual tastes. This trend is sure to develop further as building costs increase and more and even better stock hulls become available. Today, there are considerable variations of building costs not only between individual yards, but also between geographical areas. While builders in the south at the most fashionable yachting centres may charge, say, £1,000 per ton to build, the same kind of work might cost only £750 in Scotland or in the far west. As the industry develops this is bound to level out.

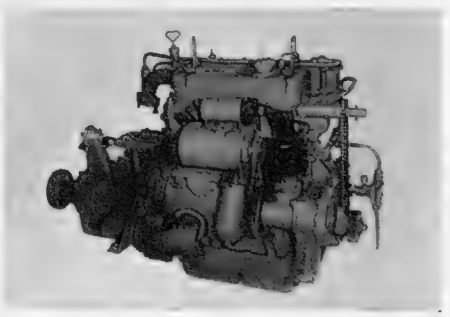
Exports overseas and especially to Europe are also capable of improvement. There is no doubt that the reputation of the British boat industry is high, and not only complete boats, but fittings, engines, sails and other components could be competitive in many foreign markets. Some neglect of export possibilities which is apparent is due to the same sort of inefficient and unbusinesslike approach from which the industry has suffered in the past. In this direction also the Federation is making great efforts. Once the teething troubles are cured, the home market should offer bright prospects to an efficient industry. There are 8 million boat owners in the United States, representing nearly one in 20 of the population. Related to Britain this would suggest 2½ million people owning boats: a promising long-term target.

Above: Under sail in the Solent, this Bosun dinghy has a hull moulded from Cellobond polyester resin reinforced with glass fibre
Top right: With a length of only 22 feet, the *Shamrock* cruising catamaran, built by Saro (Anglesey), can sleep four adults and two small children
Centre right: Gluing techniques, which have made much amateur boat building possible, have now become common practice in many boat yards. A big part in the development of synthetic resin glues has been played by CIBA (A.R.L.) Ltd., Cambridge
Bottom right: Bolting together the hull and decking of the Merrycraft 13, which is made throughout from Bakelite polyester resin by Brooklands Aviation Ltd.

Left: Campaigner, built by David Cheverton and Partners of Cowes, Isle of Wight
Below: Huntsman 28. This tough sports cruiser is capable of speeds of up to 40 knots







Above: A Gardner 6LW marine propulsion diesel engine with reversing and 2:1 reducing gears. Fitted with a clutch-operated bilge pump, this engine has a heavy duty rating of 84 b.h.p. at 1,300 r.p.m.
Left: A Coventry Climax 1,220 c.c. overhead camshaft engine, used in the Albatross Continental
Below left: A Navigator 1600 engine, one of the Newage/BMC range
Far left: *Handa II*, 30 ft. motor sailer powered by twin 16 h.p. Thornycroft diesel engines

BOATS AND THEIR BUILDERS

360 **Right:** This 40 ft. Spey class motor sailer is sloop rigged. Built by Jones Buckie Shipyard Ltd., the Speys are designed by G. L. Watson and Co. Ltd. of Glasgow, with a generous beamy hull form to obtain a high degree of seagoing comfort

Far right: This is *Firebird*, a 51 ton yawl, built by Port Hamble Ltd. in 1963 for Mr J. E. Green, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The yacht has accommodation for nine

Below: A 52 ft. Monaco Cruiser moving at speed over the water. Built by Morgan Giles Ltd. at Teignmouth, South Devon, this craft has cruising accommodation for ten people

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

One comparatively unnoticed aspect of the brain drain may in the long run be even more significant than the exodus from the universities to the United States. Its setting—in this industrial hub of the country—is the medium-sized family engineering, electrical or manufacturing business. The flexibility and progressiveness conferred by able management, and the quick courage in tackling new projects, underlie much of the Midlands' industrial progress.

Where large firms tend to make cautious decisions in committee—the boardroom—family concerns tend to take quick decisions on the say-so of the head man. This alertness in response to changing conditions and techniques, this willingness to put a total effort into getting new projects into production, helps to explain why so many of them are able to stay at least half a jump ahead of their bigger competitors. But with the growing sophistication of techniques and the high degree of expert education and training required to apply them, family concerns are apt to be at some disadvantage *vis-à-vis* their bigger competitors since they find it difficult to match the high salaries that top-grade technologists can command.

Furthermore, new projects and all the risk-taking they involve have to be financed from ploughed-back profits. They cannot come to the market for fresh capital, and however well they know their bank managers, there is a limit to borrowing. So on two scores, the retention of the able men needed to keep them in the van of progress and capital to finance new ventures, the family concern is more likely than not to be placed at some disadvantage. The one, of course, reacts on the other. Without able men there will not be the same progress, and the more they cost the less is left over for financing new projects.

I would not underestimate the seriousness of the universities' brain drain. But the doers are at least as important as the thinkers and teachers. And in this area where family concerns provide so much stimulus in evolving new techniques, products and processes their own brain drain is of serious consequence. It can be argued, of course, that the family concern can sell out or go public. But this ignores a fundamental point. The reason why they prosper is that they are led by men who value freedom of thought and independence of action. To them such suggestions are anathema.

The new Birmingham

One of Birmingham's best-known—and most reviled—landmarks will gradually disappear over the next few years. New Street, since 1854 one of the city's main stations, is expected to be operational under the electrification scheme by 1966-67.

By that time the platforms will have been completely remodelled, new amenities for administration and refreshment—well clear of the platforms—completed, and a vast seven-and-a-half acre concrete slab erected over the whole site. Above the station, eventually, will be built a car park (for 600 cars), shops, and an entertainment centre. Contracts are expected to be settled by the middle of April, and work should start in a few months.

Albright phosphorus concentration

It will be more than 20 years after the end of the war before Albright and Wilson have finally disposed of an unwanted wartime legacy. Over the next two years (and without, it is hoped, any redundancy) the phosphorus furnaces at the company's Oldbury works will be progressively closed and production concentrated at Portishead, 12 miles from Bristol. It is cheaper to transport phosphorus than large quantities of phosphate rock across country; the company points out that the Oldbury furnaces, built in a great hurry for strategic reasons, "would probably never have been built had the war not demanded it." This makes one wonder then how many similar cases could be found up and down the country.

Safety

Full marks to Mr Jack Higham, general secretary of the National Union of Stove, Grate and General Metal Workers, for a suggestion to jolt complacent boredom. He told the Birmingham Industrial Safety Group he would imprison employers whose negligence caused the death of a worker by industrial accident (up to two years, as for the motorist). Safety is one of those subjects regarded by many as worthy—but so very dull. Another Higham idea is for elected workers' safety inspectors; a third, compulsory safety committees ("the voluntary approach has been a failure"). Such ideas make safety no less worthy—and a lot less dull.

THE RPM WHIRLPOOL

by The Sphere City Correspondent

The abolition of retail price maintenance has now moved firmly into the political—and the investment—arena. The initials RPM have become part of the national vocabulary, cartoonists cover the front pages of popular newspapers with pictures of Mr Heath steam-rollering over the (highly sentimentalised) bodies of small shopkeepers, and the stores share group on the London Stock Exchange had, at the time of writing, dropped by more than 10 per cent. since January 1.

In itself, RPM is not an inflationary factor. Its danger to an economy is not that it forces prices up, but that it stops them going down when there is room for cuts—often substantial ones, as the grocery trade has lavishly demonstrated over the last few supermarketing years.

Prices have in fact stayed remarkably steady since 1962—increasing by only 4 per cent., which is less than wages, incomes, profits, output, retail sales or even exports have gone up in the same time. But there is likely to be a sharp jump later this year as the rises in rates, electricity costs, raw material prices, and engineering wages (both direct and as a result of the shorter working week) make their way through to the shops and the customers. It is to take as much steam as possible out of this and to stiffen resistance to any unnecessary increases that Mr Heath has gone into action.

There is another reason, though, why the abolition of RPM is politically desirable. No trade union is going to listen to talk about wage restraint from either party when obviously lazy and inefficient firms are making good profits. And although RPM is sometimes needed to ensure a valuable minority or specialist service—the sale of books, pharmaceuticals and gramophone records are the best-known examples—it is also a classic device for prolonging the survival of the un-fittest.

Where would abolition have its biggest effects? It has already vanished or become a dead-letter over large sectors of retail trade, but several important strongholds remain. Tobacco and alcoholic drinks, representing some 13 per cent. of total consumer expenditure, are rigorously policed by the manufacturers.

Other important stockades and salients in the campaign include cosmetics, stationery, office supplies, and most of the things sold by the corner newsagent. The removal of RPM would also bring significant reductions in unit profits for the people who sell price-maintained cars, petrol, sweets, branded clothes and furniture.

But this does not mean (as the Stock Exchange is rather assuming) that all the vendors of such articles will suffer a cut in their standard of living. In fact many of them, following the example of Mr Jack Cohen's Tesco group in the grocery world, are only too eager to slash their unduly fat margins and to build up instead much larger businesses based on low cost and high turnover. Some are already nosing over the starting line, like Mr John James' Williams Supermarkets which swallowed the old Easterns furniture business last year.

In the world of the back-street sweet-and-tobacco shop great gloom is to be found, rather understandably. But it is hard to see why this has so badly affected the Stock Exchange price of Forbuoys and Allied Retail Trades, both standing almost at their two-year low point. These two highly successful businesses are in effect chains of back-street tobacconists, doing the traditional trade but backed by all the resources of bulk buying, centralised accounting and high-grade modern management. Even if a wave of bankruptcies swept through the unorganised part of the trade as the supermarkets started selling cut-price packets of 20, these two businesses, one feels, would only flourish the more.

Price-cutting *may* reduce quality and the standard of service. But it *need* not—and you do not need to look farther than Marks and Spencer to see how profitable the right kind of cut-price trading can be. Boots the Chemists have operated for 40 years in a rigidly price-maintained market, but by judicious promotion of their own much cheaper brands, from aspirin to weed-killers, they have kept price-competition as keen as a razor. They will not lose their skill just because the self-service grocer down the road advertises a few cut-price lipsticks. Yet their shares too were right at the bottom at the time of writing. This looks quite ridiculous. And my feeling is that the RPM scare offers an opportunity to pick up several first-rate retail shares at a very cut-price indeed.

Tossed in the RPM whirlpool

	Price	Yield	Times
	s d	%	Covered
Boots	22 0	2·9	2·2
Forbuoys	34 0	3·0	2·7
Allied Retail ..	33 9	3·6	2·9
Marks and Spencer	63 0	2·7	1·4
Williams Super-markets	7 0*	—	—

* First report under new name and management awaited.

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

I was delighted to see again Herr Hermann Guntrum, head of the Guntrum Estate at Nierstein, when he came to London on a short visit the other day. We last met at the annual tasting given at his headquarters in May, when I visited the cellars and sampled some of the 90 Hocks which were shown at the tasting. Now he gave me my first chance of tasting a 1963 Hock, for he had brought with him a few bottles of two new wines, which had been bottled only a few days previously.

We tasted these two before the lunch we had together in London, and I found them remarkably drinkable considering that only such a short time ago they were grapes on the vines. They were both very light wines, especially the first, Niersteiner Domthal. The second, the Oppenheimer Krotenbrunnen, was slightly fuller and also a little sweeter, both having been made of Sylvaner grapes, which are the predominant cépage of the Rheinhessen region. There was no excess acidity perceptible as I would have expected, the overall impression was that of lightness, which was so remarkable that one might have almost called these wines thin, without wishing to belittle them. I suppose that another two or three months in cask before they are normally bottled will give them the necessary body.

Herr Guntrum said that while the 1963 wines will not be of very high quality, only good average, the quantity was large, but not nearly as large as the 1960 vintage which was almost the largest ever. The quality was not good enough for trockenbeerenauslese wines to be made. On the Guntrum estate some auselese and spaetlese wines had been made, but it depends on their development whether they will in fact be sold as such. It is hoped the abundant crop will keep the prices down, and Herr Guntrum said that this will be a good thing for German wines, especially in this country, where they have always been just a little too dear to become big sellers. He thought that if it were possible to buy a good everyday German wine at about 9s a bottle retail, that would make all the difference to their popularity. However there is not much hope of that even after the plentiful 1963 vintage.

With lunch our first wine was a very pleasant Rudesheimer Rosengarten 1960, which went very well with smoked eel. This is a delightful Nahe wine without great pretensions, but useful for workaday drinking. The director of W. E. Smith and Co. Ltd., the shippers of Guntrum wines to this country, who was also at the lunch, told me that this wine retails at 13s 6d, and when the 1960 is exhausted they have a similar 1962 to take its place.

Our next wine was Oppenheimer Schloss Spaetlese 1959, which was in another class altogether. An estate bottled Sylvaner, this had outstanding flower and fruit, but as a matter of interest I should mention that it costs about 35s when found at a wine merchant's. It was served with a saddle of veal and made an excellent match, and in fact was so good that it was hard to believe it could be bettered with a wine from the same area until the next and last of our lunch selection was poured out. This was a wine which I had met before, and remembered from my visit to the Guntrum estate, for I found it outstanding then: Oppenheimer Reisekahr Spaetlese Cabinet 1959. It was not over-sweet, and yet it had a remarkable, luscious fruitiness with an amazing bouquet. Herr Guntrum used this as an illustration of the term " Cabinet " in German wine terminology when he explained that it is always something superior to the spaetlese, and the " cabinet " wines are the best selected from the spaetlese wines. (This delightful wine retails in Britain at about 45s.)

We were still eating our saddle of veal when this was poured out, in case the dessert, which was pêche flambé (with Cognac and Grand Marnier) should kill, or even lessen its magnificence. This fear proved unjustified in the event, for even the powerful taste of the fruit in spirit did not destroy the great bouquet and flavour. Just as an experiment I even tried this cabinet wine with the Stilton and found it just as admirable.

DIPPING OUT OF DANGER

362 I hope Mr Marples is giving urgent consideration to the latest plea of Birmingham's Dipped Headlights Committee to launch a national campaign to persuade motorists to drive on dipped headlights in badly lit streets. As someone pointed out at a recent Press conference, it is a road safety measure that costs nothing at all and one which seems to be supported by everybody except a small minority who complain about dazzle.

I think this criticism is exaggerated and that the thing that really matters is the convincing statistical proof produced by the Birmingham Committee that their campaign *has* saved lives and prevented much serious injury. The latest figures relate to the first 14 weeks of the present campaign, for which the Committee continues to get co-operation from some 60 per cent. of all drivers.

They show a night accident rate in Birmingham of 271 for every 100,000 vehicles, compared with 635 in Glasgow, 589 in Liverpool, 509 in Bradford and 490 in Nottingham. There is no dipped-headlights campaign in the other cities I have named. If we look at the results of the campaign over two winters we find that while there has been an increase in the Birmingham traffic flow of between 13 per cent. and 30 per cent. the night accident rate fell by 11·4 per cent. In the three " control " towns Leicester, Nottingham and Bradford—chosen by the Road Research Laboratory for purposes of comparison (there being no dipped-lights campaign in these places) there was an *increase* in the night accident rate of 3·1 per cent.

No wonder that Mr C. P. D. Davidson, a prominent member of the Birmingham campaign committee, has publicly expressed their disappointment over the Minister's apparent lack of interest. " The Minister has repeatedly experimented with ideas producing inconclusive results, like the 50 m.p.h. speed limit, and it seems strange that he is unwilling to act on the proved results of our Birmingham efforts," said Mr Davidson.

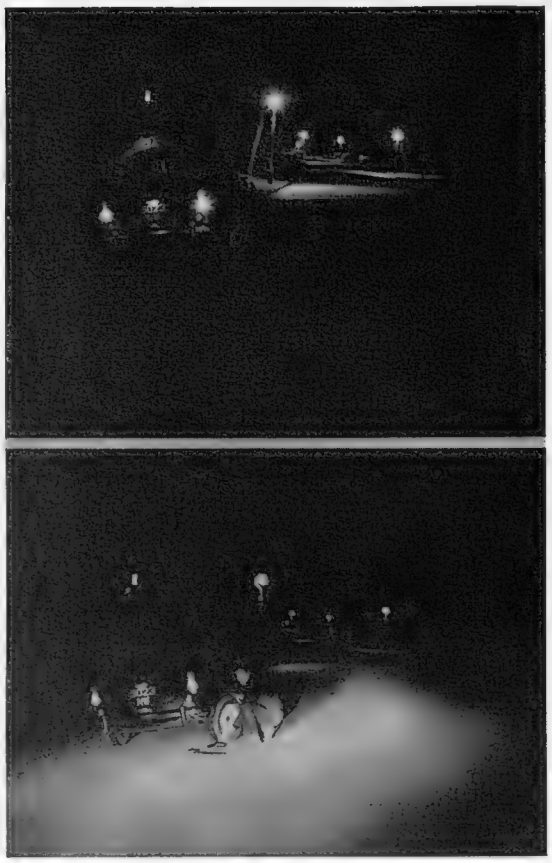
During the discussion at the Press conference to which I have referred, a senior police officer drew attention to the spectacular rise in the number of fatalities and cases of serious injury caused by *individual* accidents. It is a disturbing thought that even if the road safety people manage to cut the *number* of accidents, we could still have more deaths and more cases of serious maiming.

The question of night driving is, by the way, referred to in a useful leaflet *Eye Care on the Road*, just issued by the Eye Care Information Bureau, 48, Welbeck Street, W.1. Under the heading " Hazards of Night Driving " the leaflet points out that many more accidents occur at night than in daylight. While it is not claimed that this is due entirely to defective vision, the leaflet states, " experts suggest that between 10 per cent. and 15 per cent. of individuals with normal daylight vision have such greatly reduced night vision as to constitute a traffic hazard." (Incidentally, the leaflet states: " Use dipped headlights in built-up areas unless the street lighting is good.")

The Eye Care Information Bureau launched its leaflet at a London gathering at which Mr Stanley Unger, a member of the committee of the ophthalmic group of the Royal Society of Health demonstrated a " vision-screening " machine of the type used by police in Britain and the US for on-the-spot tests which have suggested that in Britain one in five of all drivers suffer from eyesight defects which could seriously affect driving ability but which could, with professional attention, be remedied.

Mr Unger criticised the low standard of vision demanded by the British driving test: ability to read a number plate at 25 yards. " There is no test of a driver's field of vision, which is greatly affected by speed," he said. " The kind of vision required by the number plate test is such that, travelling at 50 m.p.h., you would pass the average road sign and hazard before you have had time to see it."

Mr Unger thinks the wider use of the portable, £145 vision-screening apparatus he demonstrated would bring home to many motorists the need for glasses or some form of eye treatment and so make a big contribution to road safety. He thinks, in particular, that the dangers of " tunnel vision," which restricts a driver's sideways view to a narrow angle when looking straight ahead, are not sufficiently appreciated.



Above: Vision-test machine of a type used by police
Left: Darkness makes the wheel-changing motorist in the top picture almost invisible, but (below) the driver of an approaching car on dipped headlights is able to see him—and, equally important, to be seen

Motorway experiments

Have you noticed how prominently Britain's motorways have figured in the news lately? I am not referring to those unfortunate fog pile-ups and the subsequent Commons debate on them, but to all the various moves being made to extend the network and to improve, and generally make safer, the motorways that already exist.

Most interesting of all, I think, is the experiment, due to start before Easter, in unified police traffic control over the entire length of M6 (Birmingham to Preston). There will be one compact police unit, under a chief superintendent, to patrol 86 miles of motorway now separately controlled by the police of three counties: Staffordshire, Cheshire and Lancashire. They will have the use of a helicopter and if, after three months, there are obvious advantages in the scheme, the idea will be applied to other motorways and major trunk routes like A1.

The first of the big illuminated motorway signs to give advance warning of fog, accident obstruction and ice is now in experimental use on M5 (Birmingham to Bristol) near Warndon. If it proves effective (which I am sure it undoubtedly will) there will be 22 of these remotely controlled signs in use on M5 at intervals of two miles.

The Transport Minister has decided to extend M6 northwards to a point only six miles short of the Scottish border and a Carlisle by-pass is included. Down south Mr Marples has completed his plans for the 70-miles extension of M5 from its junction with the Ross Spur. I refer to a section of 20 miles in Somerset from Easton-in-Gordano south to East Brent. It will by-pass Bristol and sweep round near the coast just inland from Clevedon and Weston-super-Mare. There is news, too, of M3 (London to Basingstoke). It looks as if work on this 35-mile length of motorway—the survey work on which began two years ago—will not start until 1969; but it *is* included in the Minister's target of 1,000 miles of motorway by 1972.

A footnote to these motorway notes is supplied by a reader—Mr O. A. Guggenheim, of Stroud, Glos.—who writes suggesting that if our motorways were built with a high earthen bank separating the two carriageways the headlamp dazzle problem would be solved and, at the same time, the risk of crashes caused by vehicles swerving from one carriageway to the other would be eliminated.

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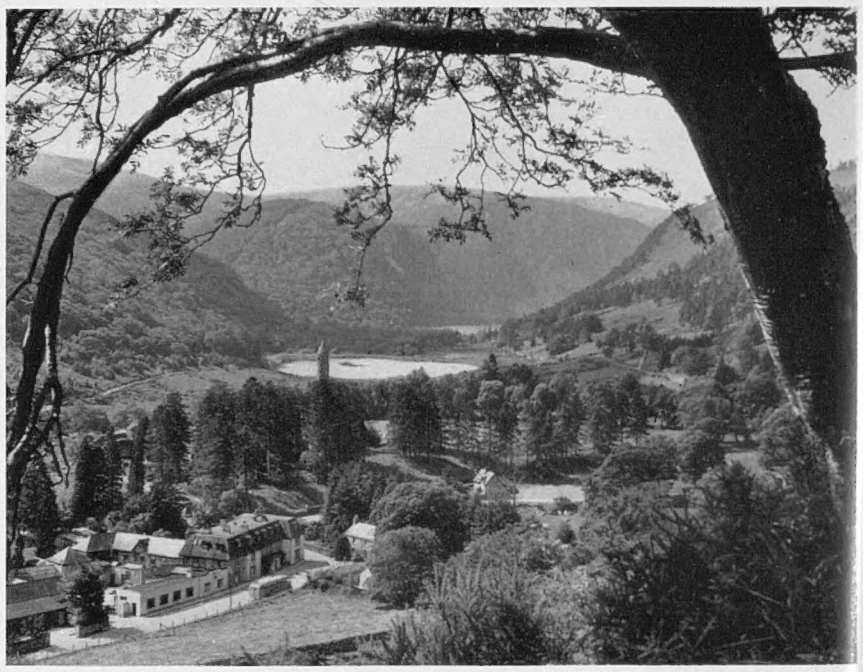
HOTEL DIS

in

IRELAND. "So near to home, so free from care." Such was the caption of an Irish Tourist Board advertisement which caught our eye in 1963. Not that we needed any prompting to revisit a country which we have always found so friendly, unspoilt and free from care.

We could have flown with our car from a number of points in an amazingly short space of time, yet for ourselves we prefer the more leisurely routes by sea and land.

Our favourite route is Stranraer to Larne for it is the shortest sea crossing and has drive on/drive off steamers, but we were well content last year with the R.M.S. *Hibernia* and its sister ship the R.M.S. *Cambria* which ply between Holyhead and Dun Laoghaire. Both ships have stabilisers and, as we had taken stabilisers too, we commenced and ended our sea crossings with no cares at all.



Photograph by kind permission of AER LINGUS—Irish International Airlines

It was a French-Riviera-like May morning as, on disembarking, we took the coast road southwards with *La Touche Hotel*, Greystones, as our breakfast objective. A memorable start to our tour and the cereal, cream, fish, toast and coffee were as fresh and crisp as the day without.

The pity of it was that we could not have stayed longer for *La Touche Hotel* is a satisfying base for Dublin, the Wicklow Hills and coastline.

Southward bound, look out about half-a-mile beyond the village of Newcastle, for the signboard direction to one of Ireland's oldest coaching inns, *Hunters*. (It lies less than half-a-mile off the main road). Delightfully old fashioned, yet now fitted with hot and cold water, it is still in the Hunter family, and for a night's stop or as a centre for a complete holiday it will appeal to those appreciative of homely fare and immaculately clean rooms.

Onwards there is little to attract until one reaches Wexford, where the modernised *Talbot* on the waterfront has bedrooms and restaurant accommodation which express the latest in detailed thought. Organised mainly for transient trade it really is one of Ireland's best.

Wexford and district is a fascinating corner of Ireland, so for a longer holiday hereabouts we would advise the *Strand Hotel*, Rosslare, where Mr and Mrs W. J. Kelly cater for all ages with genuine enthusiasm and efficiency. Our next recommended stepping stone for good food, comfort and modern design is the *Tower Hotel*, Waterford, where that young and energetic Irish hotelier Brian Collins is at the helm.

Continuing south-westwards, you can take the coast road if Cork and Kinsale are on your line of route, or if you travel direct from Dublin, or are making for Killarney or Limerick from Waterford, you will go by way of Cashel and Cahir. At the former is *Cashel Palace Hotel*, which Lord and Lady Brocket have so cleverly converted into an hotel. At Cahir (though it will not be completed until 1965) the Trust House organisation are building a new hotel.

Whichever road the motorist takes to Cork special note should be made of *Ashbourne House Hotel*, Glounthane, on the Cork/Cobh/Youghal coastal road. It lies back in most attractive grounds and, though bedrooms are limited to ten and the restaurant is small, you will be well cared for.

Now that the Cork Airport has opened, *Acton's Hotel* in old Kinsale should be particularly noted. An old established hotel, it has—since it came under the direction of the Shelbourne, Dublin, and so in the Trust House orbit—been almost entirely rebuilt with a new wing embracing bedrooms, private bathrooms and suites of modern design. An admirable gateway for Ireland's still unspoilt south-west.

Bantry Bay, Co. Cork, and the Ring of Kerry in Co. Killarney, are world renowned for their beauty so good accommodation is not easily come by without prior booking. You will not go wrong if you choose from one of the following according to your purse and taste. Ballylickey, two miles outside Bantry—*Ballylickey House* is a country house hotel, tastefully furnished and modernly appointed where one can sleep, wine and dine in the 2 to 3 gns. a

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COVERIES

Ireland

day category. Next door is the less pretentious *Sea View Hotel* very personally run by Mr and Mrs Stephen O'Sullivan and daughters. About six miles farther on is the entrance to *Ardnagashel House*, a country house type of hotel pitched ten yards from the water's edge of Bantry Bay. Admirable for those who enjoy an informal holiday and with Audrey and Ronald Kaulback, our hosts, one can eat, drink and be merry.

Killarney is a focal point for the Ring of Kerry and a wide choice of hotel accommodation is available. You will be on safe ground if you choose from the *Great Southern Hotel*, bang up-to-date; *The Europe*, a large modern hotel with fabulous views over one of the lakes and, nearer the town, the *Castlerosse* which, though built on Motel lines, could with advantage be used as one's Ring of Kerry base.

Let's go clockwise around the Ring. An enchanting drive, if it is fine, brings one via Windy Gap to Kenmare where is yet another of the *Great Southern Hotels*. Next, after a 15 mile drive, comes Parknasilla with its famed *Great Southern Hotel* nestling in sub-tropical grounds. Note, a few miles prior to reaching Parknasilla, a turning off to *Tahilla Cove*, a licensed Grade A (Irish rating) Guest House. An admirable recommendation this, where Mr and Mrs Charles Waterhouse rarely fail to please. The next halting place of any count is the small seaside town of Waterville where the *Southern Lake Hotel* is a great haven for fishermen and holidaymakers generally for golf and the sea are also major attractions.

Now, turning the corner at Cahirciveen and hugging Dingle Bay we come to Glenbeigh where the Evans family own the two principal hotels, the *Glenbeigh* and the *Towers*. We have not sampled the former as yet for George Evans and his wife have made us so comfortable at the latter that we should feel it disloyal to stay at his mother's hotel, the *Glenbeigh*!

Behind the Ring of Kerry at this point one can, within the space of a few miles, be in the heart of the Kerry Mountains and the scenery is majestic. So for alternative accommodation hereabouts, note the *Glencar Hotel* ten miles distant, famed for its fishing and, overlooking Caragh Lake, *Ard-na-Sidhe* a licensed hotel (only residents can be accepted for meals). When we stayed there in 1963 we voted it one of the most restful hotels in all our discoveries, and every meal was delicious.

The motorist who has followed in our tracks so far need not complete the ing by returning to Killarney but travel north at the head of Dingle Bay for ralee and so to Limerick. At Tralee, a busy Irish market town and a good ase for motoring around the Dingle Peninsula, note *Benner's Hotel*, long tablished with a more recent modern wing. Over a period of years Limerick s been poorly off for hotel accommodation but on our next visit we hope to port more favourably.

In any case, it will have to be something exceptional to draw us away m the gracious atmosphere of the *Dunraven Arms*, Adare, ten miles south the city and, in our view, one of Ireland's best.

Limerick to Galway is in the main uneventful with but two possible aks in one's journey—the *Old Ground Hotel*, Ennis and *Glynn's Hotel*, rt. But, if time permits, turn off coastwards to visit the famous Cliffs of her and the extraordinary limestone formations on this secondary road to lway. For the night? *Aberdeen Arms* or *Vaughan's Hotel*, Lahinch where, identally, an 18-hole golf course and an excellent strand form a dual liday attraction.

Galway, apart from its historic associations is the gateway to Connemara. e *Great Southern Hotel* is *the* hotel of the town but should you elect to move , be sure to have a meal in its Claddagh Grill for, apart from an inviting enu, the penthouse view over the city and Galway Bay is something to be membered. Connemara, especially if you use colour film is unforgettable. pace will only permit of our naming our recommendations, but descriptive tails will be gladly sent on request.

Nr. Oughterard—*Currarevagh*. An Irish country house on the shore of ough Corrib and now a guest house (licensed) and run by the fifth generation the Hodgson family. Cashel Bay—*Zetland Hotel*, owned by a subsidiary mpany of Arthur Guinness, Son and Co. Ltd., firstly as a base for their reserved fishing waters in the locality and also as a tourist base for exploring onnemara. Renvyle—*Renvyle House Hotel*. In the wilds of Connemara's arthest west. An amazingly well furnished and equipped hotel (many rooms with private bath; own swimming pool and, close by, sea lazing and bathing). For a family holiday off the beaten track—ideal. Leenane—*Leenane Hotel*. Those circling Connemara are bound to pass this landmark which over the years has had its ups and downs but now it is very much on the up. One can stay here with confidence.

Now through Westport we come to the Northern Gateway to Connemara, *Newport House Hotel* which for years has been one of the best fishing hotels in Ireland. But, when the rods are laid aside, keep it in mind as a holiday base.

Here in our journey we must pause awhile and refer to our map. Returning to Galway some prefer to travel up the eastern shore of Lough Corrib and make for *Ashford Castle Hotel*, Cong in Co. Mayo. Not only is this unique hotel and grounds an admirable base for Connemara but it is a complete holiday centre in itself and nowhere in Ireland are two hoteliers more devoted to their task than the resident owners, Noel and Angela Huggard.

Our three weeks tour is almost completed. Cutting a line across the map of Ireland from Sligo (*Great Southern Hotel*) to just south of Cavan we take in our path *Pontoon Bridge Hotel*, Foxford, another famed for its fishing. Spending one further night before reaching Dublin choose from either the *Park Hotel*, Virginia, Co. Cavan, or the *Greville Arms*, Mullingar. Both are well located for motorists travelling north/south and east/west.

Dublin might well have been the starting point of our journey. Personally we like leaving Dublin as our finale to this Land of the Welcomes. Where will you find us? Either at the *Gresham*, the *Royal Hibernian*, the *Russell* or the *Shelbourne*—a quartette of the best.

If you are contemplating visiting Ireland we should be pleased to answer any queries.

Co. LIMERICK, Adare. DUNRAVEN ARMS

Ten miles south of Limerick and in one of Ireland's most attractive villages. First-Class bedroom and lounge comfort. Fishing, hunting and golf all close by. Tel.: 9.

BALLYMASCANLON HOUSE
CO. LOUTH, Nr. DUNDALK.

Poised at the foot of the Cooley Mountains in a hundred acres of grounds and a mile from the Dublin-Belfast road. Ideal for both long and short stays. Tennis, fishing, golf, dancing. Tel.: Dundalk 4724.

Co. MAYO, CONG. ASHFORD CASTLE HOTEL

A holiday hotel open in all seasons and planned to suit every taste, be it sport, perfectly prepared food or fine wines. Under the personal direction of Noel Huggard. Tel.: Cong 3.

Co. MAYO, FOXFORD. PONTOON BRIDGE HOTEL

One of the most modernly equipped Irish hotels and second to none for its salmon, brown-trout, white-trout and pike fishing. Under the same ownership as Hotel Tresanton, St. Mawes, South Cornwall. Pontoon Bridge Hotel will attract not only the anglers but motorists travelling the Galway/Sligo road. Tel.: Foxford 20.

Co. MAYO, Newport. NEWPORT HOUSE

With this Georgian mansion of gracious living as his lodge, the sportsman can enjoy some of the best salmon, trout fishing and rough shooting in Ireland. Newport House is equally a homely base of rare vantage from which to enjoy the wild beauty of Connemara and Achill Island. Tel.: Newport 12.

Co. TIPPERARY, CASHEL. CASHEL PALACE HOTEL

This once palace of the Archbishop of Cashel has been converted on luxury lines, each bedroom having its own private bathroom and telephone. One hundred miles from Dublin on the main road to Cork, Cashel Palace will prove a comfortable and satisfactory discovery. Tel.: Cashel 131.

Co. WATERFORD, Waterford. TOWER HOTEL

Between Wexford and Cork, note this 58-bedroom hotel on the Mall. Furnished in contemporary style, all rooms have private bath or showers. Charcoal Grill, Cocktail Bar. Tel.: 5441.

Co. WICKLOW, Nr. Delgany. GLENVIEW HOTEL

Well named indeed for this deservedly popular hotel among Dublin's good food lovers, stands in the Glen of the Downs, 18 miles south of Dublin and perfectly situated for exploring the Wicklow mountains and seaboard. Tel.: Bray 2896.

Co. WICKLOW, GREYSTONES. LA TOUCHE HOTEL

Eighteen miles south of Dublin by road or rail, within pleasant daily compass of the Wicklow Mountains, Avoca, Wooden Bridge and other beauty spots, this first-class 50-bedroom hotel lends itself to the short or long term holiday visitor. One hundred yards from the sea, own croquet and tennis lawn. Open all the year, so well suited for off season vacations. Tel.: Greystones 4401

LET'S HALT AWHILE—1964

For details of hotels in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, as well as Spain and Morocco, buy the 1964 edition of LET'S HALT AWHILE (red cover), available from your bookshop, or direct from Ashley Courtenay, 61, Little London, Chichester, Sussex. 15s. post free.

Photograph by Percy Hennell

'Um casal raro'

(A RARE COUPLE)

MATEUS ROSÉ

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